

The WAR CRY

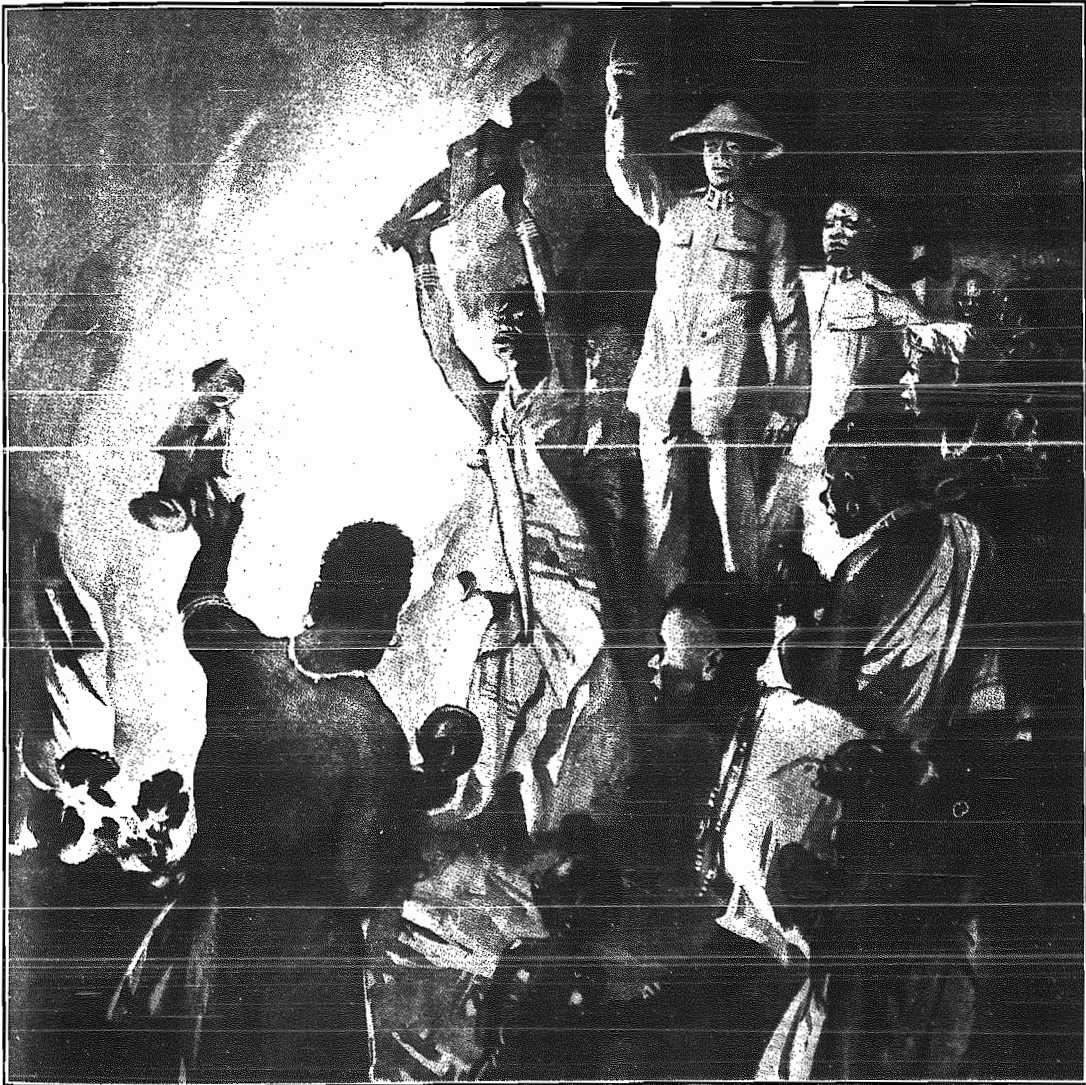
OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

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CHRIST INSTEAD OF THE GODS



The above picture represents a thrilling incident of Salvation Army warfare in West Africa. When Lieut.-Colonel Souter, the Territorial Commander, visited a native village where the people had listened eagerly to the story of the Cross from a native Officer, he was joyfully received. Hands that had once shaken in terrorized supplication before the wooden idols, snatched them fearlessly from their pedestals and hurled them into the bush. (See page 3.)

Where Is The Harm In It All?

A Striking Answer to Those Who are Compromising with the World

Notes of an Address given by REV. DR. TORREY in the Winnipeg Rink

THE idea of some people is that God is a governor, and they lay down a whole lot of laws—thou shalt not do this and thou shalt not do that. God is a mere moral governor or ruler. God is a father.

How does a father govern his child? Does he lay down a lot of "thou shalt's"? Some folks nowadays say we should have no discipline with the child, but I say there is more in laying down a few rules for the conduct of the child. Away entirely with the father who takes some of these poor modern journals that say you must not have any authority, but must explain the reason for everything to the child. I well know a French anarchist said, "When I was a child I rebelled against my mother, then I rebelled against my tutors; when I was grown I rebelled against the state, and when I die, if I should get into heaven, I would rebel against God." Sometimes there are things a child is required to do for which it is impossible to explain the why. I know when I was a child if I had asked my parents "why must I do this?" they would quickly have answered, "because I tell you to do it." A wise parent will lay down some rules, but over and above that they expect their child to get acquainted with them so they will know to do and then to try to obey them.

My wife and I got married; we had children and we expected our children to get acquainted with father and mother so they would know instinctively what we would have them do and not wait to be told to do it.

Why She Refused the Ticket

When a certain President of the United States visited Chicago people flocked to see him. They were not content to see him during the week, but wanted to see him also on Sunday. Therefore, he had to arrange a special meeting on Sunday in the form of a religious service. He could only get a building with seating capacity of 7,000, so the best thing to do, seeing that 30,000 wanted admittance, was to get tickets out and only admit those who had tickets. The school my daughter was attending had some tickets, and the teacher offered her one. She said she would rather not take it and suggested that the teacher give it to some one else. The teacher then asked if her said, no, he had not mentioned the matter to her. The teacher then asked "why then don't you want to go?" My daughter answered "because I don't think my father would like to have me go and, therefore, I won't go." Now that is what God expects of us.

Does it say anywhere in the Bible, thou shalt not dance; thou shalt not play pool; thou shalt not attend the theatre; thou shalt not play cards; thou shalt not go to the picture show? Oh no. But the question is, will it be pleasing to my Father for me to go there? If not, then I stay away.

A very moral man, an active church member, approached me on the question of the picture show. He said "All the good folks go there, and the theatre is a theatre they have actors who maintain

the highest moral ideas. If I go only to those places of high moral character, can there be any harm in it?" "Well," I asked him, "do you think it will be pleasing to your heavenly Father for you to be there?" The man, answered nothing, for he knew too well that if he settled it that way he would not go to the theatre. One of our U. S. presidents said, everybody knows the theatre is ruinous to all really Christian character.

Impossible to Maintain Character
A man I knew who made his living from theatre criticism said, "it is practically impossible for any woman to be on the stage today and maintain her moral character."

When I was in the city of Cleveland holding a meeting with Mr. Alexander, a star actress came and had a talk with my private secretary, who was a woman. She told her the things she had to do in order to be a star, and when I heard it I would rather see my daughter in her coffin than in that stage. She told my secretary that when she started on the stage she had high ideals, but to her sorrow she found that she either had to do the things they required and lower her flag, or quit the stage.

At the close of one of my campaigns

right—if it is a decent girl, but, of course lots of them are not decent."

Now I don't believe for one single moment that every young woman who dances has evil thoughts—but oh, the thoughts of the men who are dancing with her! The dance is low, which is proven by repeated investigation of sociology. If I could only tell the things that I know from personal observation, the cases are awful, there isn't a woman in this building that would ever want to dance again.

One of the most prominent leaders of Chicago society said to me "What have you got against dancing?" I said "Let me ask you a question. What are your thoughts when dancing?" He answered "Oh, well, there is that beast in all of us," and he went off.

Take a college dance. If there is any dance that is respectable, it is the college dance. My son was attending college—a Presbyterian college too—and a dance was to be given. My son didn't dance, for he had a conscience, but his chum did. His chum had invited his young lady to go and had shown his son her card with the list of men with whom she was to dance. One of these was of the very vilest character. My son said to his

taught us to play. Gradually we boys found that we wanted more cards and less Bible. Of that class two have been hung, two are in state prisons, one has been lost track of, one is a fugitive, and if the police knew where I am, I'm tonight they would have me under arrest. A woman in that audience came forward, felt at the man's feet and cried out "Oh my God, I am that Sunday School teacher."

I have lived in Los Angeles, which is near Hollywood, where most of the films are made, and if there is anything better hell on earth than that place—I don't want to see it. Is God pleased? I don't might go on—but that is enough.

Where is the harm in it all? It does no matter how innocent a thing is, if it is going to rob my prayer power I am going to give it up. I am not legislating for the world; I am simply trying to tell Christians how to get the most out of this Christian life and how to have the power of God that we wish we had.

Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday—Mark 12: 13-17. "Render to Caesar and to God." "I must go to my usual time," said a typist, "because of my religious work." She knew the firm was passing through a time of stress on account of the death of a partner. They could of course pay her overtime for extra help. But she left them hard pressed, and went at her usual hour. Never think that any outside work for God can take the place of your parents or your faithful service to your employer.

Monday—Mark 12: 28-34. "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God." The Saviour saw the beginnings of good desires and longings and gave this Scrib encouragement to persevere. He was on the right path, though he had not gone very far along it. Never lose the chance of encouraging a beginner on the right path.

Tuesday—Mark 12: 35-44. "Jesus... beheld how the people cast money into the treasury." The Treasury stands for all means of doing good. Money is not the only gift receiving sympathy, influence can all be given. A heart full of love gives all the time, and everywhere, remembering that the Saviour sees the motive which prompts the gift.

Wednesday—Mark 13: 1-13. "For My sake." Nothing but love for the Saviour could have made those first Christians endure all they did. Despised, persecuted, imprisoned, hunted like wild beasts, they rejoiced at being counted worthy to suffer for their Lord. Is there anything you can do or bear today for His sake?

Thursday—Mark 13: 14-27. "I have foretold you all things." The Saviour's prophecies are like a range of mountains. Seen from a distance they seem equal, but on closer view we see that some are near and others a long way off. Some of the things the Lord foretold took place less than ten years after the death of Jesus, and some of the events are still to come.

Friday—Mark 13: 28-37. "To every man his work." What does it matter what the work is, as long as we know the Master Himself has planned it for us? This thought brings sweetness to the driest toil. We are happy if we know that the work is of His choosing and that His Hand has placed us where we are.

Saturday—Mark 14: 1-16. "Why was this waste of the ointment made?" Do not be disappointed if people do not understand or appreciate your service to the Master. Perhaps some things which cost you most will be most misjudged. Though the disciples called Mary's gift "waste" the Saviour valued it to the full. She also realized His danger and comforted Him. Other women prepared spices but Mary's offering was the only one used.

A SIGN-POST TO HEAVEN

You must recognize that you are a sinner in the sight of God, and that you are in danger of losing your soul. You must be willing to give up wrong-doing of every kind and put right, as far as possible, any wrong you may have done. If you are willing in this fashion, you may safely trust upon God's willingness to hear your cry for pardon.

Call upon Him, then, today, for He says, "Whoever cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." You can be pardoned, cleansed, made anew by faith in Jesus Christ.

Remember, the devil will try to lead you into sin again, but God is able to keep you from falling, or to restore your soul if you should in an unguarded moment give way to the enemy.

In Philadelphia a prominent theatre manager came to me and said, "Do you know, Dr. Torrey, that your meetings here have cost the theatres \$50,000?" "Well," I answered, "that is the best thing I have heard in a long time." That was all the sympathy he got from me. Then I went on to explain something of why I was so glad to hear this, and rehearsed some of the things an actress is required to do. "That is the best thing I know that is true, but then it is all right on the part of an actress because that is part of her art."

I got a letter from a man who was manager of 30 theatres in London. He said, "I am in the business, and I wish I was not, but every word you say about the theatre is true."

Now, when you know the theatre mars and ruins womanhood, is God pleased with that?

The Question of Dancing

Familiarity between the sexes is allowed in dancing as it is nowhere else on earth. When a man comes back from the steamer Tasmania he is asked to me, "I don't think you are fair on the dance question." I said, "Please tell me what I have said that is not true." He asked him, "Do you dance?" "Yes," I answered. "Are you married?" "Yes." Then he said "suppose you should see your wife anywhere else in the same attitude with a man that you do on the ballroom floor, what would you do?" "Well," he said "there would be the character of the men his wife danced with. He admitted that some of them he knew were moral lepers. "But then," said he "my wife does not know what they are." Then I said "you are willing that your wife should be in the embrace of a man who is a moral leper simply because she doesn't know his character?"

I then fellow said to me "Dr. Torrey, what do you have against dancing?" I said "What are you going to do?" He said "What are you going to do?" "Oh," he said "all

chum "Don't you know the condition of that man, and will you see that girl dance with him?" If a girl is dancing she is bound to get into the embrace of a man of that kind.

The Gambling Evil

Everybody knows that every professional gambler on earth took his first lessons at a family card table, and I have never known one professional gambler who did not hate it, because they knew it was the secret of their fall.

While we were holding meetings in a penitentiary, and I went to speak in a penitentiary. A woman, knowing we were going there, gave one who was with us a Bible and said "my son is out there and I should like you to give him this Bible and tell him it is from his mother." We found the son there, in the penitentiary, and told him "Here's a Bible for you that your mother sent." "Did my mother send that?" asked he. "Well, you can take it back and tell her 'don't want my mother's Bible, for if she had I might have to play cards I would not be here today.'"

My father and mother had three sons and two daughters. They said they would try to make that home so attractive that the children would not want to go anywhere else. In following out this plan they taught us to play cards just as they thought, to keep our habits and associations. If we had always stayed at home it might have worked, but we did not. Two of the sons became gamblers, and I was one of them. Now do you wonder that I hate cards?"

A Terrible Harvest

In a large church a man got up in the meeting and, looking around, said "This hall looks very fine to me. My father used to be an elder in this church. When where the teacher taught us the Bible. Often on Saturday afternoon she got us together here to go over the next day's lesson. To get that class of seven boys more interested she also had games, and at last brought out a pack of cards and

Books of the Bible

By MRS. MAJOR CARTER

The Psalms

The collection of Psalms is the product of the Jewish church and its composition extends over a thousand years of national life from Moses to Malachi. It means the Book of Praises. The writers are Moses, David, Solomon, Asaph, Korah, Heman, Ethan, and Psalm 119, divided into sections of eight, each beginning with the letter of the alphabet. It is supposed to have been sung on the homeward march of the Israelites from captivity. They suit both Jews and Christian and express the very life of spiritual religion in all ages. They contain instructions, praise, thanksgiving, confession, prophecy of Christ as the Messiah, and history. The book is a manual of daily devotion, guiding the thoughts.

There is a Hell! The Bible and the Future Punishment of the Wicked

By COLONEL SAMUEL BRENGLÉ

"EVERY sinner must be either pardoned or punished."

I once heard these words uttered by the Army Founder in the midst of an impassioned appeal to men to make their peace with God; and they have remained in my memory, always representing a tremendous truth from which we can never get away.

We do not often encounter now the old-fashioned Universalist, who believed that all men, whether righteous or wicked, enter into a state of blessedness the moment they die. But others, with errors even more dangerous, because seemingly more agreeable to natural reason and to man's inborn sense of justice, have come to take his place and weaken men's faith in the tremendous penalties of God's holy law; in fact, there seems to be a widespread and growing tendency to doubt the existence of Hell and the endless punishment of the wicked.

Stick to the Bible

In forming our opinions on this subject we should stick to the Bible. All we know about the future state is what God has revealed and left on record in "the law and the testimony," and "if they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them." Human reason as well as human experience fails us here, and we can put no confidence in the so-called revelations of spiritualism nor in the dreams of sects who pretend to be able to probe the secrets of eternity. If the Bible does not settle the question for us, it cannot be settled.

Over and over Jesus speaks of the wicked being "cast into outer darkness," where "there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." Three times in one chapter He speaks of the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched. Paul says, "The wrath and wrath, tribulation and affliction shall come upon the wicked. And John, in the Revelation, says they are in "torment."

What can all this mean but conscious punishment?

A correspondent writes as follows: "I have found great help from your publication, the 'War Cry,' and admire your Organization. But there is one thing I do not like, which is The Army's belief in Hell."

He goes on to state his own ideas and concludes with a plea that some article be published to convince him that he is wrong. Well, here is our answer in the shape of an article from the pen of Colonel Benglé, who expounds the Army's belief with great clearness and force.

The Bible further teaches that the punishment of the wicked after death will be endless.

The strongest terms that can be used have been used to teach eternal punishment. When we say a thing will last for ever we have put it strongly, but when we duplicate the phrase and say it will last for ever and for ever, we cannot add to its strength—we have said all that can be said. This is just what the Bible does in speaking of the punishment of the wicked.

The phrase "for ever and ever" is the strongest term by which the idea of eternity is expressed in the Bible.

This phrase, which is used to declare the endless life and glory of the righteous and the existence of God Himself, is also used to declare the endless punishment of Satan: "The Devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever" (Revelation xx. 10).

Share His Punishment

In verse 15 we are told that the wicked are to share the punishment of the Devil himself. As Jesus, in foretelling the sentence of the wicked at the Judgment Day, declares: "Then shall He also say to them on the left hand, Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels;" thus showing that the wicked are to share the punishment of the Devil, which is "for ever and ever."

But let men in their folly imagine themselves wiser and more pitiful and just than God, and so begin to tone down this doctrine, then conviction for sin ceases,

the instantaneous and powerful conversion of souls is laughed at, the supernatural element in religion is called fanaticism, the Holy Ghost is forgotten, and the work of God comes to a standstill.

Self-chosen Evil

But some one objects that God is not just to punish a man for ever for the sins he commits in the short period of a lifetime. And thus speaking he thinks of certain acts of sin such as lying, cheating, swearing, murder or adultery. But it is not for these sins that men are sent to Hell. God has pardoned multitudes who were guilty of all these sins, and has taken them home to Heaven. Men are sent to Hell by the weight and pull of their self-chosen evil and discordant nature and character, because they will not repent and turn from sin to God, but choose to remain filled with unbelief, which begets pride and self-will; consequently they are out of harmony with, and are in antagonism to God and all His humble, obedient servants; they will not come to Jesus, that they may be saved from sin and receive a new heart and life.

But men will not come. They refuse the Saviour; they will not hear His voice; they turn away from His words; they make him indifferent to His entreaties; they laugh or mock at His warnings; they walk in disobedience and rebellion; they trample on His holy commandments; they choose darkness instead of light; they prefer sin to holiness; they turn their own way to God's way; they resist the Holy Spirit; they neglect and reject Christ crucified for them—and for this they are punished.

Is sin only a mild infirmity that we need not fear, and that will yield to gentle

reproof? Was the Son of God only playing at being a Saviour when He came down and died for us? Or is sin an awful crime against God and all His creatures, that can only be remitted by the shedding of blood?

God does not send people to Hell who are fit for Heaven. The standard of fitness is made plain in the Bible, and God's tender and pitying love has provided for every sin, pardon, for past sins through the death of Jesus, and purity, power, and abundant help for the present and future through the gift of the Holy Spirit; so that there will be excuse for none.

For a man to say, "I believe in Heaven, but I do not believe in Hell," is much as though he should say, "I believe in mountains, but not in valleys; in heights, but not in depths."

We cannot have mountains without valleys, we cannot have heights without depths, and we cannot have moral and spiritual heights without the same possibility of moral and spiritual depths; and the depths are always equal to the heights. The high mountains are set over against the deep seas, and so Heaven is set over against Hell. If Heaven is topless, Hell is bottomless.

Leads Two Ways

Every road leads two ways. The road which leads from New York to Boston also leads from Boston to New York. A man can go either way he chooses; so with the roadway of life. The man who chooses the things God chooses, loves the things God loves and hates the things God hates, and who, with obedient faith, takes up his cross and follows Jesus, will go to the heights of God's holiness and happiness and Heaven; but the man who goes the other way will land in the dark, bottomless abysses of Hell. Every man chooses his own way.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Using his Art for God Christ instead of the gods

How a New York Artist Obtained Boldness to Speak for Christ at a Salvation Army Meeting

Thrilling Incident in the African Bush

There is an artist in New York who is using his talent to attract street crowds to whom he proclaims the Gospel. His name is H. Willard Ortlip and the story of how he came to consecrate his art to God is interestingly told in the "Christian Herald." As the Salvation Army had something to do with it we will quote a part of the story.

When his studies were ended at the Philadelphia Academy Ortlip took a studio in one of the most famous art districts in the United States—Independence Square, in Philadelphia.

Word went out through Philadelphia society that a new star had risen in the world of portraiture; a young student of the Philadelphia Academy, with a studio in Independence Square, would soon be rising to greatness; he was a genius. And before long eminent citizens of that great town came to his door and sat in his studio, patiently, while the rising young master did their portraits.

"But somehow or other I was unspeakably unhappy," he told me.

"This was success, you suppose, but it didn't mean anything to me. And I told my wife, who saw I was unhappy, that if this was success I didn't want it."

"She asked me why I didn't pray about it. We got down on our knees together and before I got up I told God that I wanted Him to direct my life. I told Him that what I wanted to do wasn't worth while and that I wanted to know what He wanted me to do. I promised Him I'd do it."

"Not long after that the editor of one of the great weeklies asked me to paint some covers for his magazine."

"I came to New York to do the work. All the time I kept feeling that God wanted me to draw or paint for Him, but I couldn't see how He could use me."

"Way back in my mind, all this time,

was the idea that if I drew pictures for the street crowds I could collect a crowd and then some one could preach to them. It never occurred to me that I could talk to the street crowds myself. Something kept telling me all the time that this was what I ought to do."

"One Sunday morning, with my family in Philadelphia and myself very lonely in New York, I went out for a walk; I was very unhappy because God didn't seem to be using me, as I had expected; or, at least, I wasn't getting what He had planned for me to do. I passed a Salvation Army hall and I went in. A little Sunday morning meeting was going on; it was just a quiet little meeting to strengthen the faithful."

"A strange thing, isn't it—this artist whose name and whose work was on every news-stand in America, that day—sitting unhappily with this handful of strangers in Salvation Army uniform that morning."

"What do you need?" was the question a Salvation Army captain put to the visitor.

"I told him all about my difficulty," Ortlip said. "I told him that I didn't see how I could get up before crowds of people and tell them about Christ."

"Why!" the Salvation Army man told me, "what do you want to ask Him for? He'll give you that, if He wants you to speak."

"And so we got down on our knees and prayed for boldness for me. And right then and there, suddenly, I knew that I wouldn't hold back from appearing in public after that."

"The next chance I had I talked to an audience. Before long I was talking with the aid of pictures on a blackboard to the National Bible Institute street meetings."

"It's never been hard for me. I enjoy it tremendously. And that's the way, up to now, that God has been helping me to use my talents."

IN Western Africa, to this day, the fetish temple holds its fearful council of hideous gods, and the drums of the devil dancers drone out their dreadful messages of evil.

Even the names by which these dark tracts are known suggest fearful cruelties. The Slave Coast and the Gold Coast, Accra and Lagos, Ashanti, Fanti, and Dahomey carry with them the suggestion of bloodshed, cruelty, and pain.

Their mark upon the present generation. Again, however, has the dawn of a brighter day been seen on those hot coasts, and The Army has its share in spreading the glorious light of God's Salvation. From its officers there comes stirring news of conquest and capture, words which now have a new meaning for the peoples of West Africa.

In one native town not long ago an Officer, born of a neighboring coast tribe, commenced to tell of the love of God, and in the hearts of the negroes listeners there arose a great yearning for the joy which he possessed. "Numbers believed his message and found liberty from the gross superstition which had for so long shackled the souls of this people. A Hall was built, and when Lieut.-Colonel Souter recently arrived at the place, at the opening ceremony he found a joyful company of Soldiers anxious to greet him. The sub-chief of the district took part in the proceedings as a sign of his approval of the Salvationists' faith, and then, most significant of all, the Fetish Temple was destroyed by request of the district chief."

Hands that had shaken in terrorized supplication before the wooden idols, snatched them fearlessly from their pedestals, and hurled them—the once sacred gods!—into the bush. Silent now are the drums of conkoes, but their beaters shout for joy as they tell of the Salvation light that floods their hearts. No longer are the feet of the dancers in

the service of devilish necromancy, but quick are they to run with the news of light and liberty. One white Christian dancer clings to her fallen idols in the town of Dauswa, and for her the converted temple servants do not cease to pray.

Such conquests is the Blood-anointed West Coast now witnessing. Every Conversion means the weakening of the hold of a paganism which has successfully retarded all intellectual and spiritual progress, which has fed inhuman passions, fostered cruel cults and maintained a fattening priestcraft, fed on the credibility of a fearful race. Forest, sea, and sky have been peopled with demons, life has been one long agony of propitiation toward gods who viewed the misfortune of men with fiendish glee. Now forest, sea, and sky are a part of the home of a loving God, and life is a conquest over sin, through the power of the Redeemer.

IF THOU WOULDST

If thou wouldst have an unction from the Holy One, sink to the level of a babe in wisdom.

If thou wouldst have Him dwell with thee, be poor in spirit.

If thou wouldst hear Him speak, first be silent.

If thou wouldst have Him lead thee, forsake thine own desires.

If thou wouldst have Him control thee, be slow to speak.

If thou wouldst have Him impress thee, forsake thine own thoughts.

If thou wouldst catch His whisper, shut thine ears to other sounds.

If thou wouldst that He should confess thee before the holy angels, confess Him before men.



Great Village Invasion

Plans for an Extensive Advance of Army Effort in Rural England and Scotland

THE spring of the present year will be a season of great advance of Army Work among the villages of Great Britain. For some time the General and the British Commissioner have been deeply concerned about the moral and spiritual welfare of the rural population. The success of the Motor Batteries operating in the Leicester, Hull and Lincs., and North Staffs. Divisions, where a number of village Corps have already been established as a result of their efforts, and the General's eagerness to do something for the villagers with whom he came in contact on his recent Motor Campaigns, have prompted the equipment of six further Batteries, so that no fewer than nine Salvation Chariots will be sending through the various parts of the country. Of these, two will operate in the outlying districts of Greater London; one will be stationed in the Northampton Division, one in the Eastern Counties, another in the West of England, and the remaining Battery will cross the border and visit rural Scotland.



The Gospel Cart passing through the streets of Peking, China

In Pagoda Land

Evanglizing the Towns and Villages of China by Gospel Chariots

THE progress which the Army has made in the Celestial Empire is such that it calls for abundant praise to God. It may not be supposed, however, that conditions are more favorable for the propagation of the Gospel message there than in other heathen lands. The following strange experiences related by Captain Yuel (Eacott) give some interesting side-lights on the difficulties encountered in attempting to reach the multitudes of dark souls by means of Gospel carts.

"Leaving the ancient city of Ting Chou with its mighty pagoda towering to the skies, our two Gospel chariots rolled out through the massive gates and rumbled over the country at three miles per hour. (Don't laugh at our speed!) They kept it up for five weeks, and a circuit of 350 miles was made. Old walled towns were entered and roused by drum, tambourine, "tira," and songs of salvation; the inhabitants came hurrying, as fast as decorum permits, to see these strange carts and stranger people. For the carts were Chinese indeed, but covered with placards and startling announcements, "Save the World Army," and "The Gospel Cart." There were pictures of a Man at a well, and the invitation "Come and drink"; and a pole with a serpent—"Look and live."

"The people—they were strange, too—three were Chinese, unmistakably so, but their collar badges read, "Save the World," and their songs and talk were of the Bleeding Lamb, and they sang so fervently, "You must be a lover of the Lord," and something about "There is only one God."

Happy Sound Books

"They heard, many for the first time, of our Great God and of Jesus, of His love and the Way of Life and Light. Then beautiful little books, with bright covers, and pictures were offered at the low price of one copper each (about one quarter cent Canadian). "Fu Yin Shu" Gospels (lit. "Happy Sound Books") they were called, and there was much fumbling in those strange money pouches, carried on a belt under several layers of clothes, and eager purchases made. "Another day the lumbering vehicles drove into a sleepy country village. The drum called women from their spinning wheels and corn-grinding, and they came hobbling on tiny feet, their fat babies swathed in their padded jackets. The bronzed country men left their water wells, their rakes and the threshing floors and squatted, with long pipes in hand,

perhaps glad of a break and something so novel.

"Places varied were visited on feast days, market days and ordinary days, and to thousands and tens the story was told in over fifty different places, and seven thousand Gospels were sold. The days were spent in travelling and preaching and, at night, halts were made at country inns. At one place crowds came after we were in bed to hear the Gospel. At another a spokesman interviewed us, and begged The Army to go to his village.

In Perils Off

"The incidents on the road were many and varied; splashing through flooded roads and fording swollen rivers were frequent happenings. On one occasion horses and carts began to sink in the sands; clothes had to be hastily stripped off and, plunging into the cold waters, horses un hitched and dragged out—goods and Gospels already in the water salvaged, and getting into the shafts the party pulled the carts through the waters to the opposite bank. At another place one cart turned over and the driver and Lieutenants were flung several feet. They were badly shaken. But these things always had their funny side after all, and thinking of the perils Paul encountered, were very tiny indeed.

"Much do we praise God for all His protection and care, and the wonderful unequalled opportunities that are ours daily to proclaim His love and power to the peoples of these inland villages of China.

A National Camp for Life-Saving Scouts

THIS year being the tenth anniversary of the inauguration of the Life-Saving Scout Movement in Great Britain, arrangements are being made for the establishment of an anniversary Central Summer Camp. The Duke of Portland has given permission for this to be held at Welbeck Abbey, Nottinghamshire, in the grounds of the great park, which was originally part of Sherwood Forest, and offers exceptional facilities for the exercise of Scoutcraft. Extending for over ten miles, the park is traversed by a ninety-acre lake and possesses an abundance of forested land, greenwood, miniature hills and valleys, tributary streams, and a herd of wild deer.

International Newslets

The Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Commissioner Higgins, received invitations from the Prince of Wales as President of the British Empire Exhibition to be present at the opening ceremony by His Majesty the King in the Stadium at Wembley Park, London.

Eighteen veterans, two having seen over thirty-five years and the rest over twenty-five years, were decorated with the Long Service badge in Brooklyn No. 1 Hall, N. Y. After the badges were pinned on cheers of "Well done," swept from the audience, and the meeting closed with eight at the Mercy-Seat.

God is willing that any place be used as a Mercy-Seat if only the seeker is sincere. At an Open-air meeting, conducted in Columbia, S. C. a man knelt in an auto and claimed Salvation.

Seeing a girl knocked down and run over by a motor-car a Life-Saving Guard-Leader of Stockport, England, rushed First-Aid until the ambulance arrived and then accompanied the girl to the hospital.

During the past year eighty men who came into contact with the Army through the King Edward Industrial Home Bombay, have been assisted back to their own countries, England, Australia, the West Indies, and South Africa.

The batch of nurses recently graduated from the Catherine Booth Memorial Hospital, Cape Town, won for that institution for the second year in succession, the first place amongst hospitals in the Cape Province.

Members of the British Admiralty recently inspected The Army's Naval and Military Homes at Rosyth, Chatham, Harwich, Portland, Portsmouth and Weymouth. The official expression of satisfaction and pleasure at the cleanliness, order and comfort of the Homes.

Fifty million car tickets were recently circulated by the London and Glasgow tramways having this message by the General, printed on the back:

The message of The Salvation Army: Jesus Christ is able to save from

The power of sin.

The mastery of appetite.

The fear of death.

Bramwell Booth.

Thus the Army takes advantage of modern advertising methods to arrest the attention of the unconverted.

A musical Festival given by the famous Chalk Farm Band recently was presided over by the Commander-in-Chief, C.B.E., Commandant of the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall. The Colonel is a distinguished figure in the musical world. He congratulated Bandmaster Panchard, who has held that position for thirty years, on the splendid playing of the concertmaster.

In celebration of the coming of age of the Marquis of Douglas and Clydesdale, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, a cheque for \$750 was sent to Commandant Newton, of the Hamilton Corps, with the request that the children and aged and poor of the district should be invited by The Army to share in the dual rejoicings.

During a recent visit to Tung Choo, China, Commissioner Pearce addressed the troops quartered there belonging to the army of J. C. Senneker, the Christian general. Four thousand men were present.

Efforts are being made to introduce the weaving loom invented by Staff-Captain Maxwell in India to the natives of Kenya Colony, East Africa.

Honoring the Queen

Dutch Salvationists Pay Tribute To Royalty

ON the occasion of Her Majesty the Queen of Holland's recent official visit to Amsterdam, where she inspected the famous Dock Works, Commissioner Polven arranged for a member of the Headquarters Staff to present Her Majesty with a bouquet of flowers. The royal carriage drew up outside the Territorial Headquarters and at a signal from the Commissioner of Police the presentation was made whilst a group of Officers and Cadets united in singing the Dutch Hymnology. Her Majesty, who has frequently shown her warm sympathy with The Army's work, was graciously pleased with the Salvationist's tribute of affection and esteem.

A Baby in a Box

A Strange Find by Motorist at the Gates of a Park

A GENTLEMAN, on a recent frosty morning, casually strolled into the Oakland Public Auto Camp. On one side of the path, just inside the gate, he noticed a small dry goods box. He kicked this box and observed a little baby's hand projecting from the side. He quickly turned the mysterious box over, and to his amazement it contained a new born babe wrapped in newspapers and rags. He immediately notified the police headquarters, and in a few minutes two large burly officers of the law appeared on the scene. They stood looking at this tiny, helpless form with only a box for its home. One of them at last spoke and said, "What will we do with it?" and without any hesitation the other suggested, "Let us call up the Salvation Army. They are the people who take care of the homeless."

Without any further delay they hurriedly telephoned the Salvation Army hospital for unfortunate girls, and Superintendent Commandant Hudspeeth assured them that she, with a nurse, would be right down to get the baby, with clothing and hot water bags.

In Gay Paris

At a series of stirring gatherings conducted by Lieut.-Commissioner Heyron, a former anarchist, who at one time took part in the gatherings convened for the purpose of spreading most harmful doctrines, told of the joy and rest he had in life giving himself to God in an Army Meeting. Another convert, an Oriental, employed at the Chinese Embassy, told in broken French of the wonderful experience he had entered into since finding Salvation.

Health Talks

WHAT "GROWING PAINS" REALLY ARE

By Charles A. L. Reed, M. D.

DO YOUR children complain of "leg pains?"

Do you say to them, "Oh, it's just growing pains!" and leave them to go on restlessly or even crying during the rest of the night.

The discomfort of the child is intense enough and the condition itself is serious enough to justify your thoughtful attention.

It is true that the name, "growing pains," is not far wrong, because the condition occurs mostly but not exclusively during the growing period.

At this time of life the muscles are not yet firm, the ends of the long bones are yet soft, and the connections that make the joints are yet relaxed.

It is largely these conditions that make the proverbial boy "loose jointed" and awkward.

You can readily understand that these "loose" or soft tissues are not capable of standing the work of mature tissues for which they are not yet developed.

To impose such work upon them is to violate "the natural law of functional limitation," which is to the effect that each structure has certain things to do but of which it can do just so much and no more without damage.

When an effort is made to go beyond this normal limit, this law is violated and, as is the case or violation of every natural law, the penalty must—I say must—be paid.

In this instance one penalty is the pains that are called "growing pains."

"But I don't have my children do any work. They just play," I hear you protest.

"Work," in the sense in which I here use the word, means activity, and there may be much over-activity in play.

There can be too much of running or walking or standing. In other words there can be too much exercise in which the muscles of the legs alternately contract and relax and in which the legs as a whole carry the weight of the body and probably other weights.

By night they are tender and sore and they ache—facts which the boy discovers when he has nothing else to think about after getting to bed.

By morning, after a whole night in the recumbent posture, the pains are generally gone.

But then "growing pains" are not trivial. In cases of children of low resistance they are sometimes followed by actual disease of the joints.

They ought always to be taken as "danger signals," indicating that the exercise of the child should be lessened to just within the pain-producing point—a regulation that can generally be gauged by a little careful observation.

In the meantime do not neglect, but try to relieve these pains when they occur.

Have the child sit up to the waistline in a hot bath (102 or 103 degrees F.) for ten or fifteen minutes. Or put a hot blanket around the aching legs. An electric pad or a hot water bottle is generally too local in its effect to be valuable. Then have the child lie down with the legs elevated; after which, as a rule, the pains will speedily disappear and a night's repose will do the rest.

Household Hints

One of the strong-smelling little camphor balls will drive away the troublesome sparrows from a projection on the roof which may be haunted by them.

Articles made of copper can be cleaned by rubbing with half a lemon dipped in salt. The lemon will remove all stains and the salt will scour.

Soup should be bought a few months ahead if possible and set away to harden. This will make it spend much better.

Sprinkle salt immediately over any thing that has boiled over and no smell of burning will result.

Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the moment you become cool your pores absorb.

Songs That Bless

My Pilot's Face

Words and music by ENSIGN TOM MUNDY

AS I'M SAILING OVER LIFE'S SEA THERE'S A TWO THAT COMFORTS ME—WHEN MY VESSEL BY THE ANGRY WAVES IS BORN—CHIEF MY PILOT STEERS MY—WAY—AND TWO ROUGH AND DARK THE DAY I CAN SEE MY PILOT'S FACE IN EVERY STORM—I CAN SEE MY PILOT'S FACE IN EVERY STORM—I CAN SEE MY PILOT'S FACE IN EVERY STORM—WHILE THE BILLIONS RING ME ROLL—(HERE IS PEACE WITHIN MY SOUL)—I CAN SEE MY PILOT'S FACE IN EVERY STORM.

I can face the restless tide,
With my Pilot there to guide,
In the tempest wild, He wonders
can perform.

He can turn the night to day.
Angry waves His voice obey,
I have seen my Pilot's face in
every storm.

Praising Him who cannot fail!
I will sing within the veil,
I can see my Pilot's face in
every storm.

When the gloom and mists are o'er,
And the light breaks on the shore,
As we anchor on that bright Eternal
morn;

Self-Denial Victories at Prince Albert

Staff-Captain Habkirk conducts Inspiring Weekend Campaign—Twenty prisoners accept Christ at Penitentiary—Two Souls at Mercy Sent in the Hall

Always welcome is Staff-Capt. Habkirk at Prince Albert. His last visit was timely and helpful seeing that it fell in the middle of our Self-Denial Campaign. A pleasing and inspiring feature of the Saturday night meeting was the telling of experiences by the comrades of Self-Denial collecting. The new Soldiers proudly told of victories in this their first "Effort." Incidents amusing and pathetic were recounted. Barking dogs and cranky house-keepers could not stop our enthusiastic collectors, who went on in spite of all opposition. Others were royally welcomed; two comrades were invited in to homes where there was distress and sickness and in each case prayed with the families.

Sunday morning saw Staff Capt. Habkirk and Ensign Mundy at the Provincial Jail, where a real helpful meeting was held. There was no difficulty in getting to the hearts of the men and women in this institution. They eagerly listened to the stirring messages and at the close several expressed their determination to live for Christ in the future.

The next place of battle was the open-air meeting held in the residential section of the city, and from there to the Hall where we all were greatly blessed and helped.

One hour from the close of the Holiness

meeting and the D. O. and our Officer were speeding toward the Dominion Penitentiary, three miles from the city. Here a large crowd of men were gathered in the spacious chapel and a meeting was soon in progress. There was no mistaking the fact that the Staff-Captain was there to bless and help the men. Years of experience in Prison work enabled him to talk to the men in a way that commanded their attention with the result that when the invitation to accept Christ was given no less than twenty men responded immediately.

At the Hall a fine crowd of Scouts, Guards, and Juniors gathered to hear the Staff-Captain. Enthusiasm was evident; the Junior Self-Denial Effort was launched and every Junior was determined to get the prize offered by the D. O. This can be judged by the fact that within three hours of this meeting one Junior had smashed his target seven times.

Seniors, Juniors, Scouts and Guards rallied for a march before the night meeting. An open-air followed, then a zig-zag march in single file down the main street. In the Salvation meeting that followed the comrades brought their Self-Denial gifts to the Altar. At the close two souls knelt at the Cross; one a young lad who was led to the penitent form by one of the Scouts, and the other, a woman, the mother of two Scouts present in the meeting. The Staff-Captain taught us some new choruses which were taken up heartily. After the benediction was pronounced the D. O. was surrounded and captured by the Life-Saving Scouts who only released him on condition that he taught them the "Good-bye Pharaoh." This he did to the accompaniment of the Banjo.

Launching of Self-Denial Campaign at Edmonton

Mayor and leading citizens endorse Army's good work at mass meeting in Temple theatre—Two seek Salvation at night meeting

On Sunday afternoon May 4, massed Bands, Officers, and Soldiers of Edmonton paraded from the No. 1 Citadel to the Temple theatre, where the Self-Denial Effort was officially launched by His Worship Mayor K. A. Blatchford.

Adjutant-General Financial Representative for Alberta opened the meeting. Major Gosling, Divisional Commander, introduced the chairman, His Worship Mayor K. A. Blatchford.

His Worship expressed his belief that the campaign would meet with a great response from the people of Edmonton as a mark of appreciation for the work the Army is doing in the city.

The Citadel Songsters rendered a vocal march entitled "The Great Call." Hon. R. G. Reid, on behalf of the province, and in the absence of the Premier, thanked the Salvation Army for the work that it had done in the past, and wished it all success in its future undertakings, especially in its Self-Denial campaign.

The Rev. R. L. McTavish congratulated the Army most heartily on its recent acquisition of the building known as the Temple theatre, and felt that with the move into larger and more commodious quarters, the work which it will do will be made all the more effective. He said, was heartily behind the Salvation Army in the work which it was doing.

Colonel George B. McLeod said that in his capacity as magistrate he was in a position to know what the Army was doing to aid the city in looking after the youthful unfortunates, and helping to solve the difficult problem as to what to do with them. "We are perfectly sure," he said, "that when we hand them over to the Army they will be well looked after, and for that reason I hope that the Army will continue to expand and carry on this most necessary work."

Mathew S. Edsall, President of the Board of Trade, paid a splendid tribute to the "War Cry" saying that the Army lasses would always be made welcome in the different places of business when they brought the Army's paper.

The Citadel Songsters rendered a splendid harmony "In the secret of Thy Presence" to the old tune, Vacant Chair.

Mr. R. L. Green, representing the business men of Edmonton south, said that the business men were heartily behind the Salvation Army and hoped that it would be most successful in its campaign.

Ex-Mayor W. T. Henry, who was in charge of the Y. M. C. A. campaign, said that from his experiences of the past week, he felt sure that the Army campaign would meet with a ready response by the people of Edmonton.

Commandant Henry moved a vote of thanks to His Worship Mayor K. A. Blatchford, and to the other distinguished gentlemen, for their hearty co-operation in the launching of the Army's campaign.

Ensign Stewart, Social Officer of Edmonton, seconded the vote.

The evening service, which was held in the Citadel, was well attended. Mrs. Commandant Henry led in prayer. During the service a man who had been slave to liquor walked out to the penitent form under deep conviction. After a season of prayer, Brothers Payne and Bunnell both gave stirring testimonies.

After a Salvation address had been given by the Commandant, another man came forward for Salvation.—P.S.R.

Self-Denial Program Broadcasted From Winnipeg Citadel

On Friday, May 9, the Winnipeg Citadel Band and Songsters, assisted by the scouts, gave an excellent concert of music and song in the interests of the Self-Denial Effort.

Through the courtesy of the Manitoba Government Telephones, the program was broadcasted over C. K. Y. and the Field Secretary, Colonel Taylor, the Field Secretary, presented and gave an interesting talk on phases of Army work in this and other countries, finally making a telling appeal for the support of the present Self-Denial Effort.

The musical themes were very well received, and many eulogistic reports of the program have been received from local and long distance points.—J. R. W.

THE WAR CRY The General in Australia

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska
Founder—William Booth
General—Bramwell Booth
International Headquarters,
London, England.
Territorial Commander,
Commissioner Henry C. Hodder,
317-111, Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to the editor.

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Official Gazette

PROMOTIONS—

To be Captain:

Lieut. Hazel McDonald, Regina Social Settlement.

Lieut. Mary McKay, Grace Hospital, Winnipeg.

Lieut. Elizabeth Watt, Calgary Children's Home.

APPOINTMENTS—

Lieut. Marion Neill to Vancouver Rescue Home.

Adjutant and Mrs. H. Jackson from Furlough to Calgary II, Alta.

HENRY C. HODDER,

Commissioner.

Editorial Notes

Does it Matter What We Believe?

A COMMON saying nowadays is: "It doesn't matter what a man believes, it is only the life that counts." The falsity of this saying is very evident after a little reflection on the matter. How can a man live right who he believes right?

What we believe is of prime importance, for our deeds spring from our beliefs as fruit from a tree.

It is because of their false beliefs that the natives of West Africa, whom our readers may peruse an article in this issue, practise such heinous and disgusting rites of fetishism and bow down to hideous little idols. It is because of their false beliefs that so many millions in Asia are mired in the superstitions of ghosts and wrap themselves about in a mantle of self-righteousness, and are as bigoted and holier than others. It is because of their false beliefs that so many millions over the world are steeped in sensuality, avarice, hatred and materialism, so much so that the truths of God seem to mean nothing to them.

It is only when people believe right that they can live right. As a man believes in his heart, so he lives, said our Lord.

It is essential, therefore, that we guard our beliefs from error, and that we believe what we know to be true. It does not matter what we believe.

We must hold on to the "basic" words delivered to the world by the world's savior from the supernatural influences that are at work in the world today. Faith in the Bible as the message from God, faith in Jesus as the Son of God, faith in the Atonement, faith in our risen Lord, and a faithful waiting for his coming again, are fundamental of the Christian faith. These are as an anchor to the soul in these days of boisterous thinking and lower living. We need the spiritual strength of such a faith to enable us to walk upright in a world of temptation and evil. And the benefit this faith brings will be, what we believe is therefore all-important and we need to examine ourselves lest there be in any of us an "evil heart of unbelief" in departing from the living God.

The King's Prayer

THERE was a note in King George's speech at the opening of the great Exhibition at Wembley which Salvationists especially appreciate (says the British "War Cry"). His reverent acknowledgment of God in connection with this Empire undertaking, and his desire that it should conduce to the benefit of the whole world, find an echo in Army hearts. "I pray that by the blessing of God," said his Majesty, "it may conduce to the unity and prosperity of all my peoples, and to the peace and well-being of the world. We sincerely hope that the royal petition will have abundant answer. In its best

Wonderful Campaign in Sydney—Crowds Besiege Opera House—The Governor Describes the Good Done by the Army as Incalculable—Entrancing Scenes of Surrender—311 Week-end Seekers

ON Good Friday the Grand Opera House at Sydney was crowded three times and eighty surrenders were recorded.

An interesting incident in the evening Meeting was when the General presented The Army Flag to three Salvationist Naval Leaguers of H.M.S. Repulse, who were with the Special Service Squadron on a visit to Sydney.

Among the remarkable scenes at the mercy-seat was that of a blind man who brought a blind woman to Jesus.

Crowded Soldiers' Meetings

No hall large enough was available for the Councils for Soldiers and Recruits, so two Sessions were necessary in the Congress Hall.

Many old-timers could not refrain from weeping for joy at the sight of the General: others wept over their shortcomings under the revelation which came as a result of his inspired utterances. Sixty-two had all their needs supplied at the mercy-seat in the afternoon meeting.

The evening hours were rich in happy counsel, the gathering enjoying every moment and the General moving them at will, directing minds and hearts towards highest Salvation purposes. Sixty-four more decided to follow Jesus Christ unreservedly.

On Easter Sunday the Theatre was again filled three times.

Thrilling Climax

During the day a crescendo of glorious experience developed, until a thrilling climax was reached at night, when Commissioner Mapp led the chorus, "Room for Jesus," with poignant intensity. The appeal arrested many hearts in the packed building, filling them with an irresistible influence, and preparing a number of them to surrender to God's will.

Aspects of the Exhibition is a striking object-lesson, both in the unity of many diverse peoples and the progress and wonderful possibilities of the arts that benefit mankind. Among the prominent emissaries of peace represented at Wembley is The Salvation Army, and we trust that its appeal to the anticipated millions of visitors from far and near will not fail to make it, not only one of the most world-embracing efforts, but come much nearer home still, bringing to heart and conscience the claims of God and the ultimate utility of every human endeavor if His blessing crown it not.

Heart Purity Possible

GOD infinitely shows to every child born into His family, who "follows on to know the Lord," His need of heart-cleansing, as we find His earnest children everywhere praying to be cleansed from the least and last remains of sin, till they are wholly sanctified. When that inspired prayer is answered and all sin is cleansed away, it brings a sense of inward purity not known before. Mark, this prayer for cleansing is never a cry for pardon, because the soul which makes it is now conscious of full forgiveness of all past transgressions. Nevertheless he is made equally conscious of "sin dwelling in him," a deep sense of inward impurity, an unholy nature, inherited sin—like a child who has inherited leprosy. There is such a thing as a leprosy

The 205 seekers who had come forward during the previous days swelled the paean of gratitude and augmented the spirit of expectant faith. The General, upon whom, as is inevitable, the Campaign is making tremendous demands, was himself mightily uplifted. Today's victories totalled 106.

Presiding at a Meeting this afternoon, the Governor declared that one of the greatest pleasures that had ever fallen to his lot was to interview the greatest of Generals. "All through my life," he said, "I have known and been in contact with The Army. No finer body exists in the world, and the amount of good which it does is incalculable."

A grand battle for souls was fought morning and evening, and splendid victories are being won, the triumphs of the attacking forces being largely achieved through joy and persistence.

Instances of Surrender

Some beautiful instances of submission to God's will are recorded. One man was escorted to the mercy-seat by his wife, down whose cheeks tears of joy coursed as, arm-in-arm with him, she paced the length of the theatre aisle. Twenty or thirty years of conflict with God were thus decided amid exclamations of delight.

An actress appearing in a revue now being played at the same theatre in which the General's Meetings were held came to the Meeting on Good Friday. She got converted, and promptly gave notice of her resignation to the manager of the company. Tonight, she again appeared at the penitent-form with 105 others, making a splendid record for the weekend of 311 seekers.

JAS. A. HAWKINS,
Staff-Captain.

unclean body; there is such a thing as an unclean soul!

That is what God means when He speaks of babes in Christ being carnal (I Cor. iii. 1-3), and when it is taken away the carnal mind is destroyed. The great-est of all transitions, to a holy life, to spiritual growth, to Christian duty, to development of Christian manhood, to holy character-building, is then routed from the soul.

At last God has been allowed to have His way with His child, and the Holy Ghost has applied the all-cleansing blood. Now, and not till now, having made His temple spotless, He enters it in His personality as never before, to abide as the personal, indwelling Comforter.

MRS. GENERAL BOOTH

Mrs. Booth was affectionately greeted on her return to British National Headquarters, her first visit to the City for upwards of a month. Whilst much improved in health, it was clearly evident that her illness had been exceptionally trying. Mrs. Booth will need to exercise special care for some time to come.

DR. SUGDEN PASSES AWAY

Medical Superintendent of Grace Hospital Goes to His Reward—Some Tributes to His Memory

ON Monday morning, May 12, at 2:30 a.m., Dr. Sugden, Medical Superintendent of Grace Hospital, passed away. The doctor had been an invalid for the last 18 months but his death came as a shock to his friends to whom he appeared cheerful and well the day before.

Dr. Sugden was known wherever medical men practised in Western Canada, and had in addition a distinguished career in medicine in eastern and United States cities. He was 53 years old.

Wakened by a disturbing dream, Mrs. Sugden found her husband dead. Apparently he had not wakened from sleep, but passed quietly and without pain. He



Dr. Charles Sugden

had been operated upon for cancer, and it is thought the disease may have hastened his death.

The Commissioner, on learning the news, paid the following tribute to the doctor: "For many years he was one of the medical staff at the Grace hospital. His work will always be remembered. It was of a thorough nature and its growth is in some measure at least, due to the doctor's constant care and thoughtfulness. The doctor was a Christian man and wielded a splendid influence wherever he went. His sympathies were with the Salvation Army in a most practical manner."

The years of association that we have had with the Doctor have been years of pleasantness and profit. The city has lost a good citizen and the Salvation Army a staunch and loyal friend. May God comfort his dear wife."

Lieut-Colonel Taylor, the Field Secretary says:

My first acquaintance with Doctor Sugden was many years ago, when the Women's work had outgrown the accommodation of the home the Army had on Young Street, and the question of a larger institution was under consideration.

The Doctor was untiring in his efforts, and gave valuable assistance in connection with the acquiring of a new site, framing the Act of Incorporation, securing civic and provincial grants, etc., and when the original building known as Grace Hospital was in course of erection the same active interest was manifested, this being true also when a few years later a new wing was added.

"As Medical Superintendent Doctor Sugden's name will always be associated with the great work of Grace Hospital in its earlier years."

"The Doctor has also in a professional way, ministered to hundreds of Salvationists, Officers and Soldiers, who will learn with deep regret of his passing, and will remember in prayer those who are bereaved."

Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips says: "I am pleased to add my tribute to the memory of our departed friend, Dr. Sugden. He will be gratefully remembered."

(Continued on page 9)

Taking Salvation to those in Prison

MRS. COMMISSIONER HODDER enrolls five Soldiers in the Manitoba Provincial Jail—Touching Mother's Day Service at Stony Mountain Penitentiary

THAT a splendid work is in progress in the Manitoba Provincial Jail will be evident from the fact that five more prisoners were enrolled as Salvation Army Soldiers last Sunday. Three of these were women it is gratifying to record. This brings the total number of enrolled Soldiers in the Jail up to thirteen. That these men and women should take such a decided stand before their fellow prisoners is surely proof that a real work of grace has been done in their hearts and that they are now as sincerely anxious to serve Christ as they were before eager to run in the ways of evil. They show every sign of being regenerated, delighting in prayer, the study of God's Word, and conducting themselves in a manner which was the respect of their fellow prisoners and the praise of the officials. At their own request The Salvation Army conducts a noonday prayer meeting in the jail every Wednesday, the men and women gladly sacrificing their hour of rest in order to attend.

The enrolment on Sunday, was conducted by Mrs. Commissioner Hodder, who spoke words of encouragement to each one taking their stand and exhorted all the Soldiers to be true to their vows. She also gave a Bible address, appealing to the unconverted to surrender to Christ.

When Major Allen called for decisions two prisoners raised their hands.

Other features of this interesting service were a song by the Male Choir, composed of prisoners, and solos by Captains Hodder and Houghton.

Deputy Warden Hand, paid a warm tribute to the Army's good influence in the Jail and to the splendid work they were carrying on everywhere. He commended the new Soldiers for the step they

had taken and urged them to stick to The Army.

An ex-prisoner who had been found work by The Army on his release gave a brief testimony, saying that he was sticking to the right and was now bringing joy instead of sorrow to his parents and relatives.

As it was Mother's Day, Major Allen had arranged for flowers to be distributed to the prisoners.

At Stony Mountain Penitentiary

Mother's Day was celebrated throughout Canada on Sunday, May 11, but nowhere was a more unique service held than that which took place at the Stony Mountain Penitentiary. A glorious bright morning found Major Allen, Major Merrett and others on the road for the big stone building, bearing not only the wonderful tidings of the Gospel, but also a remembrance for the men spending their days within its walls. By the kindness of Winnipeg florists were enabled to take out flowers, red and white, sufficient for every man, and because of the courtesy and co-operation of Warden Meighen and his Staff, were permitted to distribute these to the men as they filed in to the Chapel for the Meeting. Words fail to describe exactly what that human touch meant to the men, we could only sit and look at them—each wearing his flower—and wonder where their thoughts had led them, certainly far beyond those stone walls.

As the Meeting proceeded and prayers were offered and songs sung, and through Major Merrett's address, God came wonderfully near and the Holy Spirit worked in the hearts of many, till at the close sixteen of the men raised their hands, not only for prayer, but as an indication

that they were turning back to their mother's God.

A splendid work is going on among the men, a Bible Class, well attended, is led on by their Chaplain each Sunday morning, and many of the men through this are finding their thoughts and hearts turned to things eternal, and when the time comes for them to return to live among their fellow men again, it will be with new desires, yes, with new hearts, and a courage born of a right conscience, which will enable them to take their place in the world as they have never yet done.

The Choir, which sang "Joy to the World" during the morning Meeting, left us with a thrill of joy in our hearts, for there was not one note of despondency, because of their environment, but rather joy, because of their liberation through the Saviour of whom they sang. May God continue to work in the hearts of the men and bring them all to the saving knowledge of the Gospel, as it is in Christ.

The following report of the above meeting appeared in the Winnipeg "Free Press."

"Into the morning service at the Stony Mountain penitentiary they shambled Sunday, a long line of convicts in the dull grey uniforms of the prison."

It was just another Sunday to them, different from the week day in that there was more rest and recreation, but in no particular manner different from other Sundays. The usual prison fare, the usual rigid hours, the Salvation Army service, then back to the cell, to wait for the beginning of another long week.

"Under the watchful eyes of the guards, the grey-clad men shambled on. But, as they entered the chapel, they found

something that was not on the usual programme of deadly routine. Beside the door stood a number of Salvation Army workers, and beside them stood a heap of flowers."

"One of the first prisoners to enter was a 'lifer'—a hulking murderer, who has done eight years of the many which lie ahead, and into whose eyes has already crept the prison dullness. He stopped wonderingly as a Salvation Army worker stepped up to him with one of the flowers."

"What's that for?" he enquired, as the flower was thrust into his hand. 'This ain't no hospital, is it?'"

The first Salvation Army manner the donor explained. The wonder in the dull eyes of the recipient deepened.

"Well, what do you know about that?" he breathed. "Why, say, I didn't know there was any such day." The big hand trembled as it turned the flower over. The half lowered eyelids blinked rapidly over the dull eyes. "Say, Cap., give me a pin quick, will you?"

"The Army worker complied. Awkwardly the 'lifer' fastened the flower to the frail prison uniform."

"Say, Cap.," he said, as he passed on, "that's the biggest thing anybody ever handed me since I've been in here!"

"And, as he walked to his seat, he continued gazing with eyes that still blinked treacherously at the crimson blossom—a red carnation, symbolic of Mother's Day."

"The 'lifer' was only one of more than 350 convicts who wore the token of the occasion as they left the service. It was a new idea on the part of the Salvation Army, and, according to both prison and Army authorities, it was received warmly by the prisoners that anything of the sort which has ever been attempted."

ON the 23rd of last month the British Empire Exhibition opened at Wembley Park, London, England.

Situated in "Quality Street," The Salvation Army Pavilion at the Exhibition will be a centre to which will flow thousands of visitors eager to see the striking exhibits illustrating The Army's enterprises, or attend the public Meetings held under its roof.

Salvationist Publishing and Supplies Ltd., is showing a set of instruments made at The Army's Factory at Albans, samples of the excellent printing done at the Campfield Press and of uniforms, in addition to books by the Founder, The Army Mother, the General and Mrs. Booth, and other well known writers. Commissioner Adelaide Cox has arranged for need work from the various Women's Social Homes to be on sale, while the Emigration Department will have an experienced Officer in attendance to give advice to intending emigrants.

The Founders' portrait by Herkomer, the caskets containing the freedom of London and Nottingham, in addition to other relics closely associated with the life of The Army's first General, will be on view.

The Missionary Field will be represented by exhibits from India, experienced Officers will be in attendance giving information about Salvation Army Work. A mid-day prayer meeting will be conducted by the Officer in charge. The International Staff Band will be given one or more programs on one of the Bandstands.

King George Opens Exhibition

Amid scenes of gorgeous ceremonial King George inaugurated the Great Imperial Exhibition at Wembley.

The King, who was accompanied by the Queen, in declaring the Exhibition open, addressed an audience of over 100,000 people, while millions more "listened in" to an historic utterance.

The speech rang round the Stadium, and simultaneously, by wireless, round a great portion of the world itself.

The listeners in, however, lost the gay pageantry of the opening ceremony—the massed bands of the Guards marching up and down the great green carpet of the Stadium; the arrival of the Prince of

THE SALVATION ARMY AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION

Wales and of the various naval and military contingents; and finally the triumphant entry of the King and Queen.

But they heard, if they did not see, the

tumultuous welcome accorded to their Majesties.

The keynote to the King's utterance was to be found in the following passage which thrilled the vast assemblage:—

"Co-operation between brothers for the better development of the family estate can hardly fail to promote family affection."

An unheeded incident which appealed greatly to the crowd was as follows: A Post Office messenger boy suddenly made his appearance. He was wearing the ordinary uniform of his service, and was obviously performing what, for him, is an ordinary every-day duty. With 100,000 eyes gazing at him, he walked briskly along a quarter of the oval, straight up to the steps of the dais, stood at attention before the King, saluted, and handed His Majesty a message. It was to inform the King that his opening declaration had been cabled round the Empire, duly received and acknowledged from the farthest cable outpost. A wonderful achievement, for it was accomplished in one minute and 20 seconds. Before the King took the message from the messenger's outstretched hand he gravely saluted the bearer. Then, apparently quite unperturbed, he descended the steps and walked away. But this time his progress was accompanied by a round of applause—a tribute to his calm and dignified performance of what, after all, must have been rather a trying duty. Then followed more playing by the massed bands, alternating with singing by the choirs, during which the King and Queen remained seated on their golden thrones. As they rose to leave there was a wonderful scene of enthusiasm—an outburst of the hundred thousand spectators' desire to express to the King and Queen their loyalty and affection. Though "Rule, Britannia!" was being played by the four massed bands in unison, the blare of brass and thud of drum were almost completely overborne by the roar of cheers as their Majesties drove slowly round the Stadium and back through the tunnel. Even the periodic thud of a saluting battery of the Royal Horse Artillery was nearly drowned in the flooding volume of love and loyalty.



The Salvation Army Pavilion at the British Empire Exhibition

Latest Despatches From The Field

Northern Saskatchewan Division Launches Self-Denial Effort

The Self-Denial Effort for 1924 got away to a good start in the Northern Saskatchewan Division, at a united rally held in the Saskatoon Citadel on Thursday May 1st.

Staff-Captain H. C. Habkirk, Divisional Commander, presided and outlined the objective for the Division and for the city. The target for the city this year is 13,200.

Lantern slides depicting the Army's work in its many Institutions and over its far-flung battlefields were shown by Ensign Jones of the Subscriber's Department. Realistic scenes portraying social relief and prison work were provided by comrades of the Citadel Corps. Under the capable leadership of Mrs. Captain Talbot, a number of young people of the No. 2 (Westside) Corps, dressed in Indian garb, sang an Army song in Hindustani.

From the enthusiasm demonstrated by the comrades of the city Corps at this meeting the success of the S. D. effort for this year is pretty well assured.

Great credit for the success of the gathering is due to Adjutant Juncker, also Mrs. Staff-Captain Habkirk and Mrs. Ensign Jones, who were largely responsible for the arranging of the tableaux.

Watrous Comrades Travel 140 Miles to Attend Meeting

Ensign Fletcher and Captain Johnson. This Corps was recently favored with a visit from Staff-Captain Habkirk. He gave us his lecture "Three Only" which was listened to with great interest by those present. No doubt some have a broader vision of what The Army is doing after listening to this lecture.

On Sunday we were favored with a visit from Brother and Sister Dukal, who had travelled 140 miles by car to the meeting, and were stuck in come to the meeting, and we were very glad to welcome her back to Watrous as a Soldier, this being their nearest Corps.

Our Home League is still going strong and preparing for another sale in the near future.—E. F. J.

Hanna, Alta.

Captain Birrell and Lieut. Rydberg. On a recent Sunday we had with us Sister Hanson and Sister Rigby of New Westminster, who are going to teach at Fraserston, Alta. They stated they were going to do the very best for the extension of the Kingdom of God. We have an outpost at Golden Hill, about ten miles from Hanna, where we hold a meeting every Sunday afternoon with an attendance of about forty-five. On Sunday, May 18th, we welcomed Lieutenant Rydberg. The Captain has been holding on for some time past alone. The meetings on Sunday were good, with large crowds in attendance. The people music on the streets, and Wednesday, May 7th, we had a musical evening with a good attendance. Our S. D. collecting is progressing nicely, and we hope to reach our objective. We are very optimistic of results. The town is very small but the people are very kind to us.

North Winnipeg

Captain Caterer, Lieut. Peterson. On Mother's Day the meetings at this Corps were led by Staff-Captain Church, Editor of the "War Cry." In the morning meeting Ensign Ellis gave a talk on the influence of mother. At night Captain Leadbetter spoke on what we owe to good mothers. Four Cadets, sang "Mother's Day" and followed me. The Staff-Captain gave a Bible address and those present were much blessed.

Elmwood

Captain Edwards and Lieutenant Hranice. Many tributes were paid to mother on Mother's Day. We were pleased to have with us Ensign and Mrs. Mundy for the afternoon services. The Ensign's interesting talk to the young people was full of grip.

Two Souls at Saskatoon I

Self-Denial Effort Taken up with Enthusiasm—Aggressive Warfare being Waged

Adjutant and Mrs. Junker. Great manifestations of the presence of the Holy Spirit were experienced in the meetings conducted on Sunday, May 4th, when our Officers were in charge. From the early morning Kneedril, at which there was a splendid attendance, right through to the day, the comrades rallied out in splendid numbers. Special mention



The Life-Saving Guards of Coleman, Alta. Captain Hammond and Lieut. Stobbert are the Corps Officers

and Corps Cadet M. Murdie solved "The Ninety and Nine," after which the Captain spoke on the lost sheep. We rejoiced to see three souls plunge in the fountain, who were strangers to The Army.

On Sunday, May 11th, Brig. Goodwin was in charge of all the meetings. Assisting the Brigadier in the Holiness Meeting were Mrs. Ensign Mundy and Capt. Millburne. As it was Mother's Day, many comrades in their testimony thanked God publicly for their mother's influence on their lives and fitting mention was made of such from the platform. For her lesson the Brigadier took the story of "The Good Samaritan," illustrating as it does the true spirit of brotherly love and self-denial.

In the afternoon the Brigadier visited both the Elgin Avenue and Sargent Company Meetings and the children were delighted with her talk on mother's love.

At night the Brigadier took the story of the origin of mother's Day. Lieut. Jennings, who, by the way, is a faithful Soldier of this Corps, spoke. A feature of the meeting which brought gladness and blessing to each heart was that Mrs. Stratton, the mother of our Commanding Officer spoke, thanking God for salvation and guidance through life and for answering her prayer that one of her children should become an Army Officer. Then the Captain in turn thanked God for the prayers of her mother, stating that she fully realized that she owed all that she was to God and her mother. Tears flowed freely as the Captain spoke and everyone present was touched. The subject of the night lesson was Moses' mother, and the need in this day for good, courageous and prayerful mothers, was pointed out by the speaker. Two souls knelt at the Cross.

Live-Saving Scouts Enrolled at Brandon

Ensign and Mrs. McBain. On Sunday, May 4, welcome meetings were held for Adjutant and Mrs. Laurie who had taken charge of the Immigration Boys' Home here. We trust they may prove a great power and blessing in Brandon. The initial enrollment of Life-Saving Scouts took place Thursday, May 8th. Major Habkirk conducted the service during which the Scouts' Declaration and pledge was read. Forty-two boys occupied the platform, twenty being enrolled as Scouts and seven as Chums. We have a regular attendance of fifty-two but a large number of these have not passed the test yet, so were not enrolled. They are a fine lot of boys and are doing well under the Leadership of Scout Master Waugh.—I. H.

Four Seek Salvation at Regina Citadel

Senior and Junior Bands and Songster Brigade render splendid service

Ensign and Mrs. Acton. On a recent Wednesday night we were favored by the visit of Mrs. Colonel Hamilton from the Old Land. Many home memories were revived by the sight of this warrior of other days.

Major and Mrs. Larson, with the Senior and Junior Bands, were in evidence, not forgetting a sunshine solo by the Y. P. Sergeant-Major. The selections "Hymn March," by the Senior Band, and a No. 1 series march entitled "Captain" by the Junior Band were very creditably played.

On Thursday evening a goodly company gathered when the Songsters gave a most splendid service of song entitled "Little Abe," this being undoubtedly their masterpiece of song, and showed that great care had been taken by the Songsters and their leader, Brother W. Payne, to bring out the best and sweetest melodies. The story was one of a devoted Yorkshire saint who put every other thing in subjection to heart service for God.

On Sunday morning Ensign Acton spoke feelingly on Abraham's call to leave all and follow the command of God to service.

The afternoon meeting was made instructive on Self-Denial lines by Ensign Acton's lucid description of heathenism.

The night meeting was conducted by Major and Mrs. Larson. Old time songs were used with good effect. Mrs. Ensign Cooper witnessed of joyful service, also Mrs. Larson. The Senior and Junior Songster services were well rendered. The Major closed with a fine appeal. Four sought salvation at the Mercy-Seat.

Much sorrow is being felt amongst Comrades and friends because of the news of the decease of Major Mrs. Larson's son Benjamin. Prayer is sincerely offered that the parents may be upheld by our Father's hand.

Self-Denial activities are general and would appear to be well in line with the previous years. Corps efforts were greatly assisted by a mission address by Janga Acton on various aspects of the work of The Army in different lands.

Mother's Day meetings were also very helpful; the Ensign illustrating the importance of closer affection between mother and children. Very touching were the earnest appeals at each meeting, and the old-time songs went with a swing. The suitable flower decorations looked home-like to those present. In the afternoon service a mother brought her three children for dedication; also the Band spent over one hour playing at the General Hospital.

International Auditor Leads

At St. James

Captain and Mrs. Collier. The Mother's Day Services were conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Clark, the Auditor from International Headquarters, who was a welcome visitor in our midst. In the afternoon service the Colonel spoke on Mother's Love.

In the afternoon, our Company Meeting was held at 2 p. m. then a Mother's Day service was held at 3 p. m.

Mrs. Wellard, Mrs. Cormack and the Colonel spoke, and several songs were rendered by the young people. The Colonel spoke on different ways Mother's Day was observed in all parts of the world. He urged all young people to do their duty towards their parents, Brigadier Whitley, who accompanied the Colonel, assisted in the service, and after this the distribution of flowers took place, and every child present received one for mother.

At the evening Open-Air Meeting over fifty adults were in attendance, besides the Colonel and Brigadier Whitley, and many converts who were present spoke in the Open-Air ring for the first time. A real uplifting and inspiring service was held in the Hall. The Band rendered, "The Waiting Saviour," and Captain Irwin and Mrs. Irwin sang a solo. A series of songs entitled "Mother's Love," was given on the Monday night in aid of the Y. P. Self-Denial Target. This was rendered by the young people under Y. P. S.-M. Hookings.—F. H.

Brigadier Sims Leads Mother's Day Services at Winnipeg Citadel

Commandant and Mrs. Carroll and Lieutenant Sullivan. Many pleasant memories were recalled by the remembrance of mother on Mother's Day, and the touching references made to mother's prayers and their influence on the lives of her family must have gladdened the hearts of the mothers who attended the meetings.

The children occupied the "place of honor" in the afternoon and gave a varied and interesting program.

The Band and Songsters "stepped down" to give the mothers the platform at night. Hundreds of years of Salvation service were represented among the noble gathering of mothers, and nearly all of them have offspring who are endeavoring to be worthy followers of their worthy parents in the ranks of The Army.—J. R. W.

Personal Pars

The Commissioner will conduct the meetings at the Winnipeg Citadel on Sunday June 1st, with the new Chief Secretary and Mrs. Knowl will be welcomed and installed. Mrs. Brindley and Mrs. Dickerson. The Commissioner will be assisted by all Staff not otherwise engaged, also the Cadets and Training Staff.

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Morris desires us to express through the "War Cry" her regret and admiration for the fine manly character and sympathy she received in connection with the passing of the Colonel.

Major Joy, of the Immigration Department, after a period of treatment in the General Hospital for eye trouble is now, we are glad to say, out and around again. Both of Major and Mrs. Joy's daughters have also had spells of sickness, keeping them to the house.

Captain Eva Waterston, who has been for some time in Ninette Sanatorium, writes a cheery letter to say that she is feeling more like her old self again, is gaining weight, and that the doctors are pleased with the progress which she has made. Our Comrade looks eagerly forward to receiving the "War Cry" each week, and wishes to thank the Officers and Comrades for their prayers.

We are pleased to congratulate Ensign and Mrs. Fred Merrett of Dauphin, over the arrival of a little son on Thursday, May 8th. Both mother and babe are doing well.

The Life-Saving Scouts and Guards have been requested to take part in the Annual Decoration Day Parade. All city troops will meet at the Parliament Buildings at 1 p. m. and, after taking their place in the procession, will drop out at Sutherland Avenue. Both the No. 1 and the St. James Bands will be in the parade, as well as the Citadel Scout Bugle Band.

The Winnipeg No. 1 Life-Saving Scouts are giving a Demonstration at the Rupert Street Citadel, on Thursday, May 22nd, at 8 p. m. Lieut.-Colonel Phillips will be in the chair.

The program for the Annual Field Day on May 24, is as follows: 10 a. m. assemble at the Pavilion, Assiniboine Park; 10:30 Scouts and Guards fall in for the salute; 12 noon, Lunch; 1:30 p. m. Program of drills and sports; 5 p. m. Tea; 7 p. m. return home by special cars.

Major Allen at Fort William

Ensign Freeman, Lieut. Williamson. On Sunday, April 27th, Major Allen was with us for the weekend. In the morning he accompanied Ensign and Mrs. Waterston to the Industrial Farm, where a real bright helpful meeting was conducted.

On the Monday night the Major delivered a lecture entitled "From Cabin Boy to Heaven, via—What route?" Brigadier Sims was also with us for this occasion and he acted as chairman. His pleasant and genial personality prepared us all for the splendid lecture that was to follow.

The Major has a wide experience of thirty-five years, in different parts of the Dominion of Canada. The tales he told were thrilling. Many were interested in the souvenirs that the Major had with him in connection with the lecture and were able to inspect the same at the close of the meeting.

May 11th, was observed as Mother's Day. In the Junior Meeting songs and choruses were sung to mother, and at the close each child was presented with a flower to take home to mother.

We had a good turnout for the night meeting Y. P. S.-M. Mrs. McGee and Corps Cadet, Guardian Mrs. Engdahl, spoke on mother's influence and training and what it had meant in their lives and urged all to think of mother and to serve their mother's God.

This was followed by a duet from our Officers, Ensign Freeman and Lieut. Williamson, entitled "Tell Mother I'll be there."

The Bible Lesson was given by the Ensign on the "Mother of Samuel."

Eastern Review

A varied and busy week-end campaign was recently conducted by Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton, at Kingston. The Sunday afternoon service at the Penitentiary was a splendid gathering, the messages were greeted by the visitors bringing hope and cheer to the prisoners who numbered well over six hundred men. Three Salvationists are employed in the Penitentiary, one of whom is Bandmaster Otten, who directs the choir and orchestra.

At the same hour in the Citadel Mrs. Commissioner Sowton gave a lecture on a missionary journey to the borders of Tibet. Brigadier-General Ross, M.P., presided over the gathering.

Major Hector Wright, of the Emigration Department, Montreal, is to be congratulated on his donning the crests.

Adjutant Atkinson received twenty-one girls (domestics) at Woodside Lodge seven o'clock one evening. By eleven o'clock all were placed in positions.

Colonel Powley, was heartily welcomed to Peterboro, where he spent a busy week-end. His worship, Mayor Turner, supported by G. N. Gordon, Esq., K. C., M. P. and Alderman Crowe, extended a cordial reception to the Colonel in the afternoon at the Citadel, following which he gave an interesting lecture entitled "Pictures and Personalities."

A new Citadel is in the course of erection at North Sydney. It will be more commodious than the one recently destroyed by fire.

The official opening of the new Immigration Lodge, "Burnside," for boys, took place recently at Weststock. Mayor Rea was chairman of the gathering and spoke his appreciation of the objects for which the Home would stand—the linking of the boys with the farming opportunities in the Dominion. Brigadier Southall, Colonel Jacobs, Adjutant Dray and several public citizens also took part in the opening.

Dear Mother Lawley

Goes to Join Her Commissioner Son in Heaven

Sister Mrs. Lawley, mother of the late Commissioner Lawley, entered the Gloryland, at Bradford, on Good Friday at the splendid age of eighty-seven. She lived just long enough to hear extracts read from and to see the "Life of Commissioner Lawley," by Mrs. Colonel Carpenter, published a few days before. Mrs. Lawley was one of the oldest Soldiers of the Bradford I Corps. The Chief of the Staff, who was conducting an Easteride campaign in the city, made touching reference to her in the Sunday night Meeting.

In Mrs. Carpenter's fascinating volume we have a vivid picture of the Commissioner's home training and of his lasting devotion to his mother. Anne Lawley was the wife of a Norfolk farm laborer and the mother of twelve children, ten of whom reached maturity. The family removed to Bradford when John Lawley, the future Commissioner, was still a lad. The night he became converted Lawley ran a mile and a half to his home, and burst into the living-room to find his mother seated at the table with her Bible open before her. "What a blessed day," he threw his arms around her and said, "Mother, your prayers for me are answered."

When he felt the first impulse to give up his life to Arm work and told his mother, she surveyed her little flock—six younger than John—replied, "Ah, no, Johnny. How should I do for the little 'uns without you?" And Johnny, who had never said "Yes" when his mother said "No," held his peace.

Truly He did, and the Commissioner's constancy was proved throughout his life. To his old home Lawley travelled at every opportunity. Mother would make him a steak pudding or Norfolk dumplings, and together they would talk and laugh, and he would sing his latest song, and off he would go again to the battle-field which was his by choice and his mother's by sacrifice.

Band Notes

Bandmaster Says Farewell at Edmonton III

We have just said farewell to Bandmaster S. Lister, who has led our Band faithfully for a number of months. Every one in the Corps felt his leaving, as he has been a dependable Soldier, a good Bandmaster, and one who has kept the commandment to show brotherly love. Different Comrades spoke of his stay and work in the Corps, but were unable to say in words what he had really been to the Corps and the Bandsmen who loved and was loved by. On Sunday night six souls consecrated their lives afresh to God.

Over a tea table on the night of May 5th the Bandmaster spoke of his past days of blessing with us and hoped we would be as faithful to his brother who is to carry on. After hearing his parting word, the Bandsmen each shook him by the hand and in the last good-bye, with tears in their eyes, promised to keep the charges he had given, and if not on this side, to be sure and meet him again over yonder.—C.G.B.C.

Winnipeg I

An interested visitor to the Winnipeg Band practice on a recent Tuesday, was Mr. Moncrieff, leader of the Winnipeg Oratorio Society.

Mr. Moncrieff has been engaged in Oratorio work for over 25 years, and his constructive criticism of the Band's interpretations of "Gems from the Messiah," "Elijah," and the "Creation," was much appreciated. He said, "I was very much affected by the way you opened your rehearsal. The hearty way you sang 'I need Thee every hour, touched my heart."

"Many times when I have stood on the sidewalk at the corner of Smith and Portage I have had my soul stirred over and over again by your playing of the old simple tunes."

"Music is nothing if it isn't produced from the heart, therefore, knowing the motive that is behind your efforts, there is no limit to the good you may accomplish."

—J.R.W.

Regina I

On Easter Sunday morning the Band met at the Citadel for an early morning march around the residential district of the city, playing the tunes "Up from the grave He arose," "Christ the Lord has risen today," and other favorites, always popular, yet even doubly so on Easter Sunday morning. The weather was lovely, and we have heard many reports of the playing of the Band on that morning.

The evening service being a Memorial to Lieut.-Colonel Morris, the Band played Handel's "Dead March in Saul" from the Open-Air to the Citadel, and during the service "Echoes from Calvary" was inspiringly rendered by the Band.

Easter Monday evening a festival of music was presented to a very appreciative audience.—E. H. S.

Sparkling Springtime Spraylets

The attention of all readers is directed to the advertisement in this week's issue. The stock of straw hats for women Officers and Soldiers will be ready, and orders should be sent in at once.

We now carry "Soldier's Guides" in styles: Yapp Leather, \$1.55; Leather, \$1.05; Stiff Board, 70c; Limp Linen Cover, 55c; at post-paid.

For Scout and Guard Leaders, we can supply Printed Charts, showing the correct Uniforms with positions of all Badges and Decorations. Price 15c each, 2 for 25cents, post-paid.

Do not forget to give a copy of "Morning" to your friends on their Birthday. Present to your friend. Nothing better nor more suitable. "Through the Bible in a Year" Daily Readings, \$1.10 post-paid.

We can supply special Song Sheets for Campings, 26 songs good assortment, \$2.25 per 100, post-paid. Also Song Books, from \$8.00 per 100 to \$25.00 per 100—carriage extra. Containing all Songs in International Song Book.

Don't forget that Trade Department is desirous of serving you and we can serve you acceptably. Give us the opportunity. 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Man.

Women's Social Notes

The Women's Social Secretary is giving special oversight to the Kildonan Industrial Home, in the absence of Adjutant Sharrock, who is now en route for England. Recent visitors there have been Mrs. Colonel Emerson, Lieut.-Colonel Clark, and our own Commissioner.

With the opening of the Catherine Business Girls' Home last week, it makes the fourth new opening in the spring, in the last four years, for the Women's Social Department. This looks like advancement.

Nurse Lieutenant M. Neill, of Grace Hospital, has been appointed to assist Adjutant McAuley at the Vancouver Home. With the Commissioner's permission, Adjutant McAuley was recently sworn in as Probationary Officer of the Juvenile Court. This is really an honorary position.

We are pleased to say that in a few days Adjutant Pettigrew will be at her post in the Regina Institution, she having fully recovered from her long illness.

Lieutenant Eugene S. Parker, is also recovering from her painful accident, and will soon be about again. This is good news.

Congratulations to the newly promoted Officers whose names appear in the Official Gazette these weeks. We also congratulate Lieut. Dr. of the Calgary Children's Home, on successfully passing her Probationers' course and attaining full rank.

Yorkton

Captain and Mrs. Joyce. On Mother's Day a good number were led to Holiness Meeting which was welcomed by Mrs. Captain Joyce, who told of how the Saviour's love is still greater to those who are serving Him. At night, Sisters Hall, Summers and Olson gave a short address after which Mrs. Joyce spoke. The Captain spoke on the lives of mothers in training their children for God, and the need of the family altar.—R.

Dr. Sugden Passes Away

(Continued from page 6)

by a host of Cadets for his unceasing attention and kindness during the years that he attended the Training Garrison, especially so when we recall the flu epidemic, when practically all the Cadets were stricken with the malady, His assiduous attention cannot easily be forgotten.

"The Army will miss him much, as a staunch, unwavering friend he was with us at all times."

Brigadier Sims says: "The passing away of Dr. Sugden brought to my mind many reminiscences of twelve years personal acquaintance as a friend, and one of the first to meet Mrs. Sims and myself on our arrival from the East to our appointment in Winnipeg, and from that day we enjoyed unbroken friendship."

As Social Secretary it has been my privilege to send many a person to his medical advice, pay attention, and on no occasion can I recall an attention where he has failed to give the best services and that gratuitously. I realize, in the passing of the Doctor, the Army and the needy have lost a true Christian friend.

At the funeral service, which was held in the Grace Methodist Church, the Commissioner offered prayer, thanking God for Dr. Sugden's splendid life of service and praying that God would comfort the hearts of the bereaved.

Brigadier Payne, Superintendent of Grace Hospital, who had been very closely associated with the doctor in his work in connection with that institution, paid a very touching tribute to him. She spoke of the deep interest he had always taken in the hospital and of his readiness to give of his best to help humanity.

Rev. Dr. Crumney and Rev. McElvaine also spoke, paying special tribute to the doctor as a worthy citizen, husband, father, and man of God.

MAGAZINE PAGE 3

History, Current Events, Science, Travel, Exploration

The Most Wonderful Lens in The World

Remarkable Mechanism of the Human Eye

WHEN you look through a magnifying glass or a telescope you must focus it by moving it around in some way. This is done so that the lens in the instrument will give a clear, distinct image.

The most wonderful lens in the world, the lens of the human eye, has a different method of conveying sharp images to you. This lens, instead of moving back and forth, gets fatter and slimmer in order to make the image clear.

When the lens catches the image it is flashed through a sort of screen in the retina of the eye and it touches a lot of nerve ends. The lens in the eye actually turns the picture of objects upside down when it throws them on the screen of the retina. The image is also very tiny. The brain turns things right side up again and gives them their true size, which we say we see. If either the eye or the brain gets diseased, people see many strange objects which actually do not exist.

Enduring British Oak

SO MUCH excavation of importance is being conducted today in distant sections of the world that one is liable to overlook the results which have also been obtained in England. Fairly recently many interesting relics have been discovered, one of these being an early Roman camp dating from the Claudian conquest of Britain and situated half way between Leicester and Lincoln. Founded in 48 A. D., this fort went down in ruins in the general decay of Roman civilization. The discovery in a well of some oak planks as sound today as when they were given from a British tree growing at the beginning of the Christian era shows how enduring is this famous wood.

Why the Pigtail?

CHINA was conquered in 1664 by the Manchus, a tribe of Tartars. As a mark of bondage each Chinaman was obliged to shave the forepart of his head allowing the hair at the back to grow long. Furthermore, it was stipulated that this long hair should be braided, tipped with a tassel and worn hanging down the back when in the presence of superiors. Unless it interfered with business the pigtail was never to be concealed nor coiled beneath the headgear.

The wearing of the pigtail, introduced to humiliate, gradually became so popular with the Chinese that the origin of custom was forgotten and they were loth to abandon the adornment when it was so ordered at the fall of the Manchus in 1911.

OPENED WITH PRAYER

Largest Exhibition World Has Ever Seen is Opened by the King

THE following fragment, culled from a London newspaper, contains an interesting account of the opening of the British Empire Exhibition and will interest many readers:

"The murmur of the great crowd sank gradually to a whisper as the Prince of Wales was seen to step forwards towards the King and Queen. A whisper of his voice reached a hundred thousand straining ears, and then all other noise ceased in an instant. From the twin golden trumpets just visible beneath the eaves of the pavilion came the Prince's speech of welcome to his Royal parents, amplified so that the sincerity of its

phrasing might be followed with easy appreciation by everyone in the gathering. The people cheered the speech of the Prince of Wales wholeheartedly, and then paused again by common consent, awaiting the voice of their King. It came deliberate and clear. Brave and inspiring words they were.

"At the end came the King's prayer for the blessing of the Almighty on the great enterprise, and appropriate-ly in that solemn moment came the voice of the Bishop of London reciting a Collect specially prepared for the occasion. Following this came the Lord's Prayer, in which the whole multitude reverently joined."



Canadian Achievements

By Lyman B. Jackes

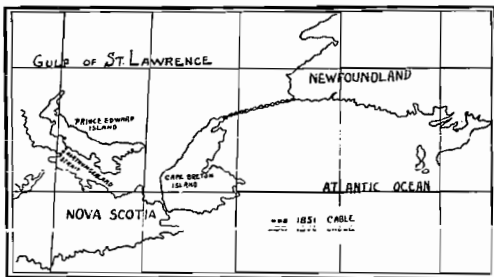
No. 2. Submarine Cables

IN a preceding article was sketched the story of credit that must be given to Canada for the first Atlantic steamboat. With the increased speed which this form of travel introduced the hopes of scientists were directed toward the ultra rapid exchange of messages across that vast ocean. The result was the submarine cable telegraph between Newfoundland and Ireland. Cyrus W. Field, of New York City, has looked in the sunlight of publicity over this project, but the latest editions of the standard encyclopedias are commencing to place the credit for this wonderful idea in its true perspective, and Canada again takes first place.

ful construction of the first lengthy cable. This ran from Cape Breton Island, across the ocean floor for a distance of eighty-six miles and connected with the land lines across the south of Newfoundland as far east as St. Johns. This cable was completed in 1856.

A Young Genius at Work

The genius behind these great undertakings was Frederick Newton Gisborne, who came to Canada from England at the age of twenty-three, in the year 1845. He secured a position with the Montreal Telegraph Company and very quickly made a name for himself by the improvements following the adoption of numerous



MAP OF THE FIRST SUBMARINE CABLE

Also the first cable of any length that preceded the idea of the Atlantic Cable, which was originated and engineered in Canada.

inventions that he had worked out. Early in 1849 he was appointed superintendent of telegraphs for the government of Nova Scotia, and within a few months he astonished the country by connecting the Island Province with a submarine cable.

With the success of this cable, Frederick Gisborne commenced definite plans for cable connection between North America and Europe, but he was unable to secure financial aid for the enterprise in Canada, owing largely to the lack of ready money and the divided opinion of trade and commerce which existed prior to confederation. Undaunted, he determined to enlist the aid of private capital in the undertaking, and journeyed to New York City, where after numerous attempts to interest banks and financial concerns, he was directed to a wholesale paper dealer named Cyrus W. Field.

Many Miles of Cables

Field was interested in the inspiring project that Gisborne unfolded before him, but being a shrewd business man he imposed certain conditions that must be met before he would lend his active support. Amongst these conditions it was stipulated that a longer cable than the one then operating to Prince Edward Island must be successfully laid and operated. In the few months that followed Gisborne had received some support from the joint governments of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, and had secured concessions on this side of the Atlantic for his ambitious scheme. The success of the eighty-six mile cable in 1856 definitely decided Cyrus Field to join the enterprise. He secured the concessions from Gisborne, created the New York, Newfoundland, and London

A Day at a Time

Only a day at a time!
There may never be a to-morrow.
Only a day at a time,
And that we can live, we know;
The trouble we cannot bear
Is only the trouble we borrow,
And the trials which never come
Are the trials which fret us so.

Newsy Pars

Two happy women on Mother's Day last week were the mothers of Major Martin and Staff-Sergeant Harvey, the round-the-world-flight airmen lost in the wilds of Alaska. The news of their sons' safety came, they said, in answer to prayer.

Enormous developments are under way in New Zealand in connection with plans for furnishing electric power both to manufacturers and farmers. A hundred million dollars, it is stated, will be involved in erecting plants.

Collectors of ancient suits of armor from all over the British Isles have lent their choicest specimens to the British Empire Exhibition. Some idea of the value of these may be had from the fact that one helmet alone is insured for \$100,000.

A suggestion has been made by a Winnipeg lady that a Sunday be set apart as a "Humane Sunday" on which the claims of dumb animals shall be set forth from pulpit and platform.

The May number of "Current Opinion" under the caption of "Significant Sayings" quotes Anton Lang, the Christus of the Oberammergau Passion Play, and who recently visited the United States, as saying, "If Jesus were in New York I think He would not like the skyscrapers as much as the generosity to the needy which has filled that Salvation Army kettle brimful with bills."

Together with the opening of the British Empire Exhibition was the inauguration of the Harwich-Ziebrugge Train Ferry. This will facilitate the transportation of goods without delay or re-shipment, and will be especially useful for the rapid movement of perishable commodities.

The latest national flag to be unfurled to the world is that of the new Egyptian kingdom. The flag has a green field, with a white crescent and three white stars. It replaced the previous red Egyptian flag.

Telegraph Company and made Frederick Gisborne its chief engineer. Thus did Canada contribute again to the progress of the world and the advance of commerce and science.

Frederick Gisborne lived until 1892. At that date the slender telegraphic link that he had started across the Atlantic in 1856 had increased and multiplied to 110,000 miles of submarine cable. At the present time the submarine cables exceed a length of three hundred thousand miles.



By SISTER MRS. MURRAY, Selkirk, Man.

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

The story opens with a scene in the village post office at Rirdale in Cumberland where several of the villagers are discussing the new advent of a child at the Priory, where Squire Rossett lived. There was much curiosity among the villagers about the squire and his family, particularly concerning the eldest son, Gilbert. Great celebrations were being looked forward to when the little stranger should arrive, but before nightfall it was learned that both mother and babe had died. Daisy was Gilbert's sister and she had many questions to ask her big brother. One of the things she wanted to know was who "God's Peculiar People" were.

CHAPTER III EVEN SO

THE following Friday Gilbert and his father were sipping their coffee after a late dinner. Both seemed occupied with their own thoughts when suddenly Squire Rossett remarked, "A penny for your thoughts, son."

"Well dad, I was just thinking about Daisy."

"Glad to hear it my boy. I have often wished someone would give a little thought to my lonely little daughter. Of course, she has the servants, but paid service does not amount to much, not that I have anything to complain about. Her governess and nurse give her all the attention necessary, but since her mother died I have fancied she does not look quite so robust. By the way, Gilbert, I intended buying you a fresh mount. What color of a horse do you prefer?"

Ideas Becoming Serious

"Oh, thanks dad, but we were discussing my little sister just now, and I was just about to remark that her ideas are becoming too serious for a child of her age. We had a talk together the other day and I discovered how very much she seems to miss her mother. And father, you will forgive my suggesting that when you are displeased with others, do not let my little sister witness these outbursts of temper. For a child of her years she is unusually sensitive."

"You are right my boy, I too have noticed how she hides away at such times, and while it annoys me almost to irritation she is all I have left of my dead wife."

The last words uttered by the Squire were received in silence by the young man who sat thoughtfully watching the flames as they flickered in the old-fashioned grate.

"Now is my time" thought Gilbert. The Squire was silent for the next minute by the words, "Father, there is a question you have always avoided. Won't you please tell me something about my dead mother? You have lavished wealth and pleasure upon me in every conceivable way, but you have refused me every time when I made any inquiry concerning her life, death and even her last resting place."

Squire Rossett leaped to his feet like one stung with a lash.

"Gilbert, my boy, believe me, it is for your own good I have kept you in ignorance of these details. Next week you will be 19 years of age. If you want to go to college again, go by all means, but think it over. We shall have much to talk over next week. Meanwhile I must see to that new horse for you, and I thought of getting a little white pony for Daisy so that she can have more exercise in the park to put more color into her cheeks. Now don't be foolish my boy. Let me remind you that my immense estates in Westmoreland are not entailed, they do not pass from father to son unless I will it so. It might be well to tell you I do not wish you to enter the church as a profession. Any poor tool can don a parson's coat, like a coat of

paint. No Gilbert, I have greater ambitions for you. Go in for law, medicine, anything you like, but don't be like the lad whom they tack on to the church because he does not possess brains for anything else. You bear my name and, of course, we must all die some day, and I would like to think when I am gone, you will never disgrace it."

The Squire paused and looked straight into the eyes of his son, and all a flash the boy stuck out his hand and gripped his father's.

"Dad, you will never have cause to be ashamed of your boy, but would it not be better to wait about my new horse in case I decide to have a few more years at college?"



With a groan he laid his head on the table

"Right you are. No use keeping her in the stable if you decide to leave home for awhile. Now I must see the steward about that Burton family."

"Why, is there some trouble?"

Envious of His Prosperity

"Well, no, but Thomson tells me it's almost uncanny how that man prospers. Why there is not a thing he touches but it yields some kind of increase. He is the game-keeper for the Priory. You know that he made the artificial lake and beautified the grounds better than anything I ever conceived. His tiny cottage won the prize as a model cottage. Every flower he places at the annual shows draws a prize, also the fruit—why it is no use our gardeners competing from the Priory. You know that orchard laden with fruit? Only eight years ago it was an old turnip field. They could not get a decent meal out of it. Now the currant bushes are a picture. Every available space is covered with a climbing cherry or plum tree. With the old rubbish and stones he built a forcing house. The house-keeper is thankful to get supplies for our table from that man that our servants and gardeners cannot grow, with all the money I am spending on our hot houses."

"But father, you can't blame Burton for using his brains."

"Then let him use them somewhere

else. It does not pay to let these poor people get ahead of you. Let them learn a lesson from their superiors. We mean to be rid of him somehow."

"I think I begin to see daylight, father, let the rich keep his foot on the neck of the poor."

"That's it, my boy. No use having mutiny on board a ship because one man thinks Jack is as good as his master."

"I see. What do you purpose doing?"

"Well, here is our plan, unless Thompson can better it. You know the winter has been a pretty bad one for the pheasants, didn't hatch, somehow, and that will put the shooting season in bad shape. Not that I would think of giving house parties yet, could not think of it for a

"Where are we going brother?"

"Anywhere for a walk. How would it be to get some chocolate before we start to hunt wild primroses?"

"Oh yes, do and me too, you like best the church as well Gilbert?"

"Why, what is there to see?"

"You know the new vicar came this week, and I heard the servants talking. They said he was going to have the stained glass window boarded over and a large wooden cross put in front."

"Whew! some idea! Does he own the church?"

"Oh no, Gilbert, but perhaps he is afraid of people forgetting. It was on the Cross my Saviour died. On the cross of Calvary."

"Where did you hear that, Daisy?"

The Peculiar People Again

"Oh you remember those people papa called peculiar. They were singing it."

"Well, well, of all things! I hope this parson is very handsome because if he is not that window is all I have to look at."

"Oh, do you like that window as well as me? What piece do you like best?"

"By this time they were entering the little country church, both intent upon having a good look at the window."

So far nothing had been done to mar the beautiful scenes. For a second both stood looking up. Then a tiny shag came from Daisy.

"Wasn't it too bad to put such a Friend on a wooden cross?"

"Well now Daisy, I think I like the one where those hungry fellows are having a good time."

"But they are not all men. See there is a little girl, Gilbert, when I grow up I would like to paint big pictures. I could not paint Jesus, but I would like to paint you feeding a lot of people. I would paint you with a big loaf in your hand giving bread to that ragged little girl."

"My, Sis, you wouldn't deck a fellow up in a robe like that would you? Why, I wouldn't know myself."

"Oh no Gilbert, I would like to paint you in soldier's clothes, like those peculiar people—what do you call them?"

"Oh that is the Salvation Army."

"Then they really are soldiers, Gilbert?"

Then is Jesus their King?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Oh, how lovely! I am just beginning to study history and Miss Kenning was telling me that soldiers had to suffer terribly in the olden days, and many of them would die for their king, and the kings had so many enemies."

At the Turn of the Tide

While Daisy was talking, Gilbert's thoughts could scarcely be defined. As they spoke the sun burst out and blazed upon that lovely window, casting a pale, yellow light on the dim old church. Slow shadows faded it all looked, the plaster was peeling off in places and the damp wall gave forth a smell of mildew that made him shudder. Could this be God's sanctuary, where His name is to be made glorious. Like many a young man Gilbert was at the turn of the tide. Like many another young man he wondered what life held for him. Like a ship without a rudder he was facing the storm of life. Dare we doubt for a moment that God had sent a little child to lead him? Time will tell.

"Come, Daisy, no more shadows!"

They were out of the churchyard.

"Oh look at the ducklings and the lambs. Why, there's a little girl milking a cow! Would you like a drink?"

"Oh yes Gilbert, and give the girl some money for her milk."

"All right, Sis." And so these two pursued their happy way rejoicing in the springtime of life, and we who believe a guardian angel watches over every young life may leave them for a while.

When Squire Rossett left his son in the smoke room on the previous evening he thought himself well acquainted with the man Thompson, who acted as steward at the Priory, but he was scarcely prepared and not a little surprised at the craftiness which he showed in the man. Still he had trusted him with all the affairs of the estate, and he prided himself that the life of a country squire was not complete if he meddled with the servant's affairs, so both the housekeeper, the steward and his supreme authority over the household of servants, engaged or dismissed them at her pleasure, and the steward, who transacted every item of business on the estate were left to manage

(Continued on page 12)

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One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

147—McGuirey, Mary. Age 84, about 6' in height, Irish. Dark brown hair, fair complexion. Must be 35 years.

Last known address Brandon, Man. Once worked in a Hotel on McWilliam St., Winnipeg. (See photo.) 248—Barrett, Robert, or "Barrows". Age 49, fair complexion, English. Supposed to be running Hudson Bay district in Port Arthur five years ago. Married since coming here.



Mary McGuirey

185—Johnson, Thomas Charles, Age 62, 5'11", nilas T. C. Jones or McKelvey. British nationality, 18 lbs. Cabinet-maker by trade. Light grey eyes, fresh complexion, light brown hair, married. Missing 30 years, when he disappeared from Montreal. (See photo.)



223—Opal Lasse Oisi Andersen, once known as Lewis. Age 34, dark hair, greyish eyes. Worked on a farmer in Lennox, Sask., three years ago.

231—Donaldson, Douglas McKenzie. Scottish, age 39, fairly tall, mellow complexion.

225—Norman, Was salesman for the J. B. Thomas Chas. Johnson Steel Co.; last known to be working for Oil Companies in the Bluegrass district, Southern Alberta.

223—DR. F. E. FYLE GEDDES, of SOUTH DAKOTA. Mysteriously disappeared from Sioux City, Iowa, last December. Age 52, 6'2" tall, weighed 220 lbs. Iron-grey hair, large nose, full set of false teeth. Dark brown eyes, also of a dime on right temple. Dr. Fyle is a graduate of Toronto University.

224—McGuirk, Jack. Age 24, fairly tall, fair hair, blue eyes, Irish. Scar across bridge of nose and side of left eye. Bookbinder by trade, and was a member of the Mounted Police. Thought to be in Manitoba.

223—Coe, Alonzo George. Age 40, medium height, brown hair. Was a master-builder. Known to have lived in Medicine Hat, Alberta.

222—Legood, Reginald John. Age 23, height 6'8", light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, farmer, native of South Wales. His last address was known to be c/o Mr. Douglas, Pongrua, Sask.

210—Wiltor, Lindested. Age 49, native of Finland. Last seen home three years ago from Anchorage, Alaska.

268—Shank, Adam D. Age 85, born in Markham, Ontario. Farmer. Missing 32 years. Sons anxiously enquire.

198—Olson, Martin. Swede, age 49. Stone Mason by trade, also Fisherman.

199—Seales, Shirley Harold. Age 28, 5'9", dark hair, grey eyes. Fresh complexion, native of Stoke Newington, London. Returned soldier, left Loughed, Alberta, last fall for Vancouver, B.C.

249—Pattenden, Alfred. Age 38, 5'3", very dark hair and eyes, sallow complexion, blacksmith by trade. Native of Bristol, was in the Redhill S. A. Band. Thought to be in Vancouver, B.C.

249—Hol Anders, Age 39, Swedish. Medium height, dark hair, blue eyes. Wrote last in 1915 from Boxter Willy, (Parkstone Valley), B. C.

219—Merrill, Herbert H., also known as William Merrill. 10'7", about 200 lbs. Generally works as a Street-car motorman. Thought to be in Winnipeg.

215—Sayce, Mrs. Wm; nee Sarah Ann McKenna. Age 63, came to Canada 21 years ago where she married Mr. Sayce of Prince Albert. Mrs. Sayce was last heard of in Regina, Sask.

215—Aschultz, Nick. Age 41, 5'8", dark hair, hazel eyes, dark complexion, slender build, Australian. Left Port Frances, Ontario, August, 1923, for Toronto. Last known address Thorold, Ontario.

211—Poulton, Doris. Age 24, light hair, blue eyes. Fair complexion. Native of Wolskop. Wears glasses. Last known address, c/o Mrs. W. Laund, Regina, Sask.

Important Coming Events

THE COMMISSIONER in Command

Annual Field Day

For the Winnipeg Life-Saving Scouts and Guards
ASSINIBOINE PARK, SATURDAY, MAY 24th

THE COMMISSIONER will take the salute at 10.30 a.m.

A Mammoth Musical Festival

WINNIPEG RINK Portage and Langside MONDAY, MAY 26th

The Citadel Band will render special music and a Young People's Choir will sing. The Torrey Campaign Choir of 200 voices will take part. Mr. Sidney T. Smith chairman.

Territorial Self-Denial Ingathering

WINNIPEG CITADEL, THURSDAY, MAY 29th

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Installation of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs.
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WINNIPEG CITADEL, SUNDAY, JUNE 1st

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Vancouver I.....Sun., June 1

Nelson.....Sat.-Mon., June 7-9

STAFF-CAPTAIN CARRUTHERS

Prince Rupert.....Thurs., May 29

Wrangell.....Sat., May 31

God's Peculiar People

(Continued from page 11)

things as they willed. The Squire was more to be pitied than blamed. It was like a great ship sailing on to meet her doom on some floating iceberg. When Thompson explained the method of handling the removal of Burton, the game-keeper, it appeared an excellent plan for bringing more grist to the mill. The old turnip field was a picture which any gardener might justly be proud of. What a wealth of fruit to be gathered in the summer and autumn. Then the cottage garden, with its neat strawberry beds, those luscious strawberries were the dainty morsel talked of for miles around. There stood the glass house, composed of the stone, stubble and bits of glass other people had looked upon as useless. Those peaches were spoken for before ever a bud was seen on the vine, yet they knew there would be plenty of peaches. Well, Burton would not sell them this year. At eight o'clock tomorrow morning a note would be handed to him giving him one week to leave the premises, not at a hour longer. Meanwhile, Thompson had business down in Westmoreland. It might take him three weeks or even more. For this reason he was anxious to leave things in order before he went.

When the interview with Thompson ended the Squire felt too he would like to spend a few days at Windermere Lake, it might run into a week. His conscience was not very comfortable. Burton might appeal to him, and what would he say in the absence of the steward? He heard a few tales about Burton which revealed a man of staunch character. Only last summer the maids were started during the night. They were sure gypsies were firing the park and grounds. Upon inquiry it was found that a fox was causing the pinpoints. Burton had built a fire close to the corn field, and he with his son were taking turns to keep the fire burning and thus protect the game.

It was good to feel safe when one had a trusty, worthy servant near by. Promptly at eight o'clock, just as Burton was finishing his morning meal, the butler handed in the note at the cottage door. A few seconds later the one horse trap passed on its way to Prenton, bearing away the steward with a leather bag, but the game-keeper did not see him. The world had suddenly grown dark. For twelve years that little cottage had been his earthly paradise; his wife had been the sunshine. His children were mostly away working for themselves. He was fifty-seven years old. It was time mother was taking more rest. He had been in the act of opening the Bible to read the morning portion, but now, with a groan he laid his head on the table. "Mother, God has forsaken us."

(To be continued)

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